BRYAN AND ALTGELD

Two Most Notable Men Who Spoke to Workingmen on Labor's Annual Holiday.

PITH OF THE TWO ADDRESSES.

Late Candidate for President Insists That No Permanent Prosperity Is Possible on a Gold Basis—Ex-Governor of Illinois Declares Socialism Ideal Government, But Too Good for This World Now and Advocates Government and Municipal Ownership.

St. Louis, Mo., Sept. 7.—The feature of Labor Day celebration in this city yesterday was an address by Hon. W. J. Bryan, at Concordia park. The biggest crowd ever seen in the park greeted the speaker. His speech throughout was enthusiastically applauded. Previous to the meeting Bryan reviewed a parade of 15,000 laboring men. Bryan spoke in part as follows: "While I find pleasure in participating in the exercises of this day I am also actuated by a sense of duty, because the observance of Labor Day affords me an opportunity for the discussion of these questions which especially concern the producers of wealth. In a pamphlet written by a distinguished New York banker I find the assertion that the prosperity of farmers and laborers depends upon the prosperity of the business man. So long as one entertains such an idea he is certain to entertain erroneous views upon social and political questions.

Everything Depends on Labor.

"All of the literary, professional and commercial classes will find upon investigation that they rest upon those whose brain and muscle convert the natural resources of the country into material wealth. Not only must any real prosperity begin with those who toil, but the nation's progress toward higher civilization must be measured by the progress made by the producing classes. Under every system of government a few are possessed of means and refinement, but it is the average progress, not the progress of the few, that must be considered. The improvement to be hoped for must come from efforts outside of politics. Mental discipline, moral training, habits of industry and economy, all have their part in improving the general condition of our people; and yet the influence of legislation must not be overlooked. A form of government like ours makes it possible for the people to have such legislation as they desire, but even then it is possible for a few persons to overreach the people as a whole.

Special Privileges to Nobody.

"The welfare of the people must be sought not in the securing of special privileges to themselves, but in the denying of special privileges to any one. The labor organization has been one of the most potent influences in improving the condition of the wage-earners. Labor organizations are almost entirely responsible for the fact that skilled labor wages have not fallen as much as prices, although they have not always succeeded in keeping employment up to full time. While giving to these organizations credit for what they have done it is only fair to suggest that neither labor organizations, nor any other form of protection can secure to the laborer permanent immunity if the general level of prices continues to fall.

Idle Man Is a Menace.

"The idle man is the menace to the man who has employment, and the number of idle men must necessarily increase if we have a money system which constantly raises the value of the dollar and constantly lowers the market value of the products of labor. Arbitration of differences between large corporate employers and their employes is one of the political reforms most needed by wage-earners. Until arbitration is secured the strike is the only weapon within the reach of labor. Society at large is interested in the application of the principle of arbitration to the differences which arise from time to time between corporations and the employes.

Refers to "Government by Injunction."

"Laboring people have a special interest just now in securing relief from what is aptly described as 'government by injunction.' The extent to which the writ of injunction has been abused within recent years has aroused a hostility which is almost universal. It is only a question of time when 'government by injunction' will be cured by legislation. The main purpose of the writ of injunction is to avoid trial by jury. Trial by jury is more important to the American people today than it ever was before in American history. It was originally intended as protection against royalty, and it is today the main protection of the people against plutocracy, which is to the country what royalty is under a monarchical form of government."

ALTGELD ON SIMILAR TOPICS.

He Devotes Much Time to Municipal and Government Ownership.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7.—Ex-Governor John P. Altgeld, of Illinois, addressed an audience of about 1,000 people at Washington park on the Delaware river yesterday afternoon. His subject was "Municipal and Government Ownership and Government by Injunction." The event which brought the ex-governor here was the Labor Day celebration by the United Labor League of this city. President Ernest Kreft occupied the chair and made the opening address. He then introduced Altgeld. The governor devoted five-sixths of his speech to an advocacy of government and municipal ownership, drawing from the cities of Manchester and Birmingham, England, his principal arguments in favor of that system. He said that proposals of this sort were generally met by the claim that they were socialistic.

He then defined socialism as follows: "Socialism has been defined as a system of government in which the competitive system is entirely abolished, and the principle of associated effort is applied to everything. According to the standard authorities socialism is an ideal state founded on justice and in which the benefits of modern invention and of monopoly shall be shared by all the people instead of being controlled by the few and used by these few to make themselves the absolute masters of the many. The word 'socialism' is used as a term of derision only by the ignorant or the servile. However, the world is not ripe for the application of socialism. There are as yet hundreds of things that can not be done successfully by the state, and that must be left to the individual."

The general trend of his argument for public ownership is given in the following, said to have been Lord Salisbury's reply to the objection mentioned above. That it was not a question of socialism at all, but simply a question of business; a question whether a given community can secure certain advantages and supply certain needs common to all of its people more cheaply or in a more satisfactory manner when acting colectively than it can by leaving everything to individual effort; that a collective body has the same right to pursue the best business methods, and do all things necessary to its welfare, or the welfare of its members, that the individual has; that the best interest of the community must be the criterion by which to decide each case; that there was a time when private individuals carried the mails and charged what they pleased, there being no government postoffice; but as the world advanced every government took the postal business into its own hands, and no intelligent man would have it turned over to a private corporation.

The latter part of the speech was devoted to government by injunction, and the ex-governor used the arguments that are familiar on that point, declaring that the corporations used the courts against the workingman; that it was the judges who made the laws really; that labor must be protected; that the injunction as used in strike cases is a blow at liberty and violates the constitution, and that as to the judges, "the American people can remove every one of them and consign them to that infamy which is now embalming the memory of Jeffries. But this cannot be done so long as congress is made up largely of men who are mere corporation conveniences. It will be necessary to send men to congress who will be true to the people. This may not happen at the next election, nor yet at the next; but it must come, and must come soon."

LABOR DAY AMONG THE MINERS.

Not Observed Generally at Pittsburg—Today's District Convention.

Pittsburg, Sept. 7.—Labor Day was not observed generally in Pittsburg yesterday. All the mills, factories and other industrial establishments with but few exceptions, were running as usual, and few workmen laid off to celebrate the day. The Labor Day picnic and mass meeting held at Calhoun park under the auspices of local union No. 6, Brotherhood of Painters and Decorators, was the only public demonstration during the day. Between 3,000 and 4,000 people were in attendance at the park during the afternoon and evening. Addresses on various phases of the labor question were delivered from the platform in the open air by W. J. Brennan, James F. Burke, and Joseph Howley.

The district convention today to elect delegates to the national convention promises to be the largest and most important ever held in this city. Meetings were held throughout the district yesterday to elect delegates to this convention. In almost every case the delegates to the district convention have been instructed to elect representatives to the national convention who will fight for the maximum rate (69 cents), but it is believed the leaders will convince the delegates who will attend the Columbus convention that the only thing left for the miners is to accept the 65-cent compromise for the present, and at the December conference insist on a higher rate for next year.

District President Patrick Dolan said last night: "What good is a man in a conference if he is loaded down with instructions. I am satisfied that if good, honest, men are sent to the convention they will act in accordance with the light of truth placed before them." Dolan said that a proposition would be made to the miners to maintain camps at mines where the district price is not paid, and an assessment be levied on all miners at work to meet the necessary expenses. He said every effort would be made to make the price adopted at Columbus uniform throughout the district.

What It Means for the Men.

Columbus, O., Sept. 7.—Owing to the many complications that interfere in the fixing of rates in the various districts, it is hard to compute exactly what effect the 65-cent rate in the Pittsburg district will have, if the coming miners' convention accepts the operators' proposition, as it is expected to do. In general terms, however, for pick mining in the bituminous districts, the value rates will be as follows: Pennsylvania, 65; Ohio, 65; Indiana, 56; Illinois, Grape Creek, 51; West Virginia, 56; other districts, 48. The latter is not a fair figure to quote, inasmuch as the miners there get in addition to it a fair price for what is called "brushing the coal."

Has Little Hope for Illinois.

Braidwood, Ills., Sept. 7.—In an interview with Secretary Ryan, of the Illinois miners, who left for Columbus today, he said: "The proposed settlement of the miners strike has caused considerable excitement among the miners of Illinois, and particularly in the northern coal fields. The fact that the operators of northern Illinois have refused to attend any conference looking towards a settlement of the present trouble also establishes the fact that there can be no general settlement at the present time. Should the Pittsburg miners accept the 65-cent rate and resume work history will repeat itself, and the Illinois miners will be left to hold the bag.

More Iowa Miners Strike.

Des Moines, Ia., Sept. 7.—All the miners of this county, 500 men, quit work this morning except those of the Christy and Poor House Farm mines. The demand is for 85 cents a ton. The operators say they cannot concede that price for existing contracts would cause them to lose money on every ton mined. They say they can better afford to lose the contracts. Efforts will be made to have the miners in the two mines named to join in the strike, but they will hardly be successful.

State Labor Celebration.

Muncie, Ind., Sept. 7.—A state celebration of Labor Day by all trades union men in Indiana was had here yesterday, 25,000 stalwart labor men attending and 15,000 strangers. The parade was two miles long and the men marched eight abreast. Speeches were made by Ralph Beaumont, of Oklahoma; Mayor Cromer, and C. F. Smith (of Indianapolis), the latter speaking to a large audience at night.

YELLOW JACK ARRIVES

Dread Disease Makes Its Appearance in Mississippi.

TEN DEATHS SO FAR REPORTED.

Medical Men Make a Thorough Examination and Agree as to the Nature of the Disease—Pollution of the Water the Cause of the Fever—Cubans Become Ill, but Recover—Mobile and Other Towns Establish Quarantine.

New Orleans, Sept. 7.—Yellow fever has broken out at Ocean Springs, Miss., on the Gulf of Mexico. There have been ten deaths, among the victims being Dr. Bemiss. There are a number of cases in other towns along the coast. Quarantine is being established everywhere, but it transpires that a number of patients were brought to this city before the nature of the disease became known. The Alabama, Mississippi, and Louisiana boards of health have been at Ocean Springs for a day or two. An examination of the prevailing disease was made a week ago. There had been several hundred cases then, with but very few deaths, and a board of experts declared the disease Dengue fever.

Since then mortalities have become more frequent and the symptoms looked more like yellow fever. The alarm became so great that the authorities again gathered. This time they were accompanied by Professor A. L. Metz, chemist of the Louisiana board, who analyzed the evidence in several cases. The verdict was yellow fever. Various points on both sides of town are rapidly declaring quarantine.

Physicians Hard at Work.

Ocean Springs, Miss., Sept. 7.—Dr. Hunter, secretary of the Mississippi board of health and secretary of the executive committee, reached here Sunday night from Jackson via New Orleans. The members of the Louisiana board of health have been hard at work all day long, working in conjunction with the representatives of the Alabama board and the Mississippi organization in a determined effort to settle the vexed question as to the identity of the pernicious fever which has operated so greatly to the disadvantage of Ocean Springs.

These investigations were extensive, as the visiting physicians visited a large number of persons now down with the fever. Examinations of these patients were made and bacteriological tests made of the blood and matter vomited. Drs. Archinard of New Orleans and Wasdine of the Mobile U. S. M. S., who is also an expert microscopist, were all day making the tests, reporting from time to time to President Oliphant of the Louisiana board, Dr. Saunders of the Alabama board, and Dr. Haralson of the Mississippi board.

Bad State of Pollution.

In the meantime Professor Metz, assisted by Chief Sanitary Inspector Woods and Superintendent Will, collected a series of specimens of water, well and cistern, of the bay oysters, and also made a number of photographs showing the existing condition of the town's sanitary arrangements and drainage. Professor Metz appears to be of the opinion that the prevailing complaint is due in a measure to a pollution of the water in the bay fronting the town. The drainage of Ocean Springs empties directly into the bay, and the rains wash a large quantity of matter into the water and upon the area in which the oysters consumed by the town people are temporarily bedded.

It is feared that the oysters absorb poisonous germs and communicate them to the persons eating them. The result of the investigation of Professor Metz will not be made known until his return to New Orleans, as his analysis will not be made until then. There has been an extensive inquiry into the history of persons who have died and also into inception of the fever. Accounts vary among the citizens of Ocean Springs. It is claimed, and contradicted, that the first cases of the fever were noticed among a number of Cubans here, who were said to be engaged in attempts to filibuster.

Cubans Get Well.

These Cubans recovered, but the fever spread. There are several cases at New Chicago, near here. An investigation will be made here. The air of mystery which has shrouded the several physicians has not conduced to the comfort of the people, although pending the report of the board of health it would have been unwise to have discussed the matter. The news of Pass Christian declaring quarantine against Ocean Springs and Biloxi occasioned considerable surprise here, because in the absence of a verdict from the investigation commmittee such action was not warranted by the facts as then known.

Mobile, Ala., Sept. 7.—State Health Officer Saunders, having reported the result of the examination of the fever which has been prevailing for some weeks at Ocean Springs, Miss., on the Bay of Biloxi, or Gulf of Mexico, fifty-six miles from Mobile and eighty-four miles from New Orleans, the disease being pronounced yellow fever, the Mobile board of health has declared a rigid quarantine against Ocean Springs. All persons coming from that place or neighborhood are to be detained at a station established outside the city limits.

Death at Edwards, Miss.

Jackson, Miss., Sept. 7.—A telegram from Edwards, Miss., about thirty miles west of here states that Hon. S. S. Champion, a member of the state legislature since 1890 and a prominent politician, died here Sunday evening from what was supposed to be yellow fever. A family of nine persons named Anderson, living near Edwards, had been sojourning at Ocean Springs. After thier return seven of the family were taken sick, and Mr. Champion visited the family to inquire after their health. Two or three days afterwards Mr. Champion was taken sick and died Sunday. The attending physician pronounce the case one of yellow fever.

Died While at Church.

Randolph, Wis., Sept. 7.—Edward J. Breese died of heart disease while at church teaching his Sunday school class, Sunday forenoon. He was 67 years of age, was a brother of ex-Secretary of State L. L. Breese of Portage, and was well known among the Welsh people of Wisconsin.

MINERS LIKELY TO ACCEPT.

Believed That Strikers Will Resume Work at the 65-Cent Rate.

Pittsburg, Sept. 7.—Mass-meetings are being held all over the Pittsburg district by the striking miners for the purpose of appointing delegates to the district convention to consider the Columbus compromise and elect delegates to the national convention at Columbus on Wednesday. While some of the leading miners have stated that they will contend for instructions to the Columbus delegates to vote for 69 cents or nothing, it is thought the 69-cent men will be in a minority and unable to successfully urge their plan. A number of operators have received assurances that the miners formerly at work for them will ratify the agreement arrived at in Columbus and will vote to return to work at the 65-cent rate. President Dolan, Secretary William Warner and District Organizer Cameron Miller all say that they feel sure the majority of the miners will vote to accept the 65-cent rate.

President Dolan is of the opinion that the settlement of the strike on this basis is the best that can be accomplished at this time. At that rate the big lake shippers can be got in line and nearly all of the miners in the district will be at work within a week from the time of the acceptance of the proposition. The mining officials say that the struggle against the New York and Cleveland Gas Coal company will be pushed up to the end of the year unless the company is beaten before that time. The acceptance of the 65-cent rate they say in no way affects the price to be paid the diggers at the mines of this company and until the mine workers can force President W. P. De Armit to pay the district price without the differential in his favor the fight against him will be continued.

BANKER CROCKER FIRED ON.

Some Unknown Person Attempts to Kill the Californian.

San Francisco, Sept. 7.—A shot was fired at William H. Crocker, president of the Crocker-Woolworth bank, while he was on a train on his way to his country place at Burlingame and a good deal of mystery surrounds the affair. The bullet came through the car window, smashing the pane and just missing the banker. It is believed by some that an attempt was made to assassinate Mr. Crocker, but who fired the shot and the animus of the assault are entirely shrouded in mystery. With his wife Mr. Crocker had taken the 5 o'clock train from the Third and Townsend street depot. The car in which he sat was crowded with society people going to Burlingame and San Mateo. Just before the train reached the station at Twenty-fifth and Valencia streets a bullet came crashing through the window opposite which Mr. Crocker sat.

The particles of glass flew all over Mr. Crocker. He jumped to his feet in alarm, as did everyone in the car. The train passed to the station a few blocks beyond and some of the railroad men were sent back to investigate. They could find no trace of the shooter and no one who had even heard the shot. Crocker did not report the occurance to the police, preferring to have his own men make a thorough investigation of the matter. They have been at work upon it ever since, but have failed entirely to gain any trace of the assailant. Crocker himself rather makes light of the incident, but the close inquiry being made shows it is considered of more importance than is freely admitted.

LAKE STEAMER SINKS A YACHT.

Occupants of the Smaller Craft Rescued After a Midnight Bath.

Alpena, Mich., Sept. 7.—At midnight Saturday night the steamer City of Alpena of the Detroit and Cleveland line collided with and sank the sail yacht Hattie V. in Thunder bay. The boat was manned by John Weber, her owner, and John C. Comfort, cashier of the Alpena National bank. Both men were thrown into the water, but managed to find pieces of wreckage to cling to, and were afterward picked up by a boat from the City of Alpena, which had been lowered to their rescue immediately. The yacht sank at once in fifty feet of water, and will be a total loss. She was valued at $1,000.

Immediately after the accident some one raised the alarm of fire on the Alpena. This, with the noise of the collision, brought out the passengers into the cabin, attired in their night clothes. It took the officers of the boat some little time to quiet them.

Train Wreck in Missouri.

Foristell, Mo., Sept. 7.—Train No. 5 on the Wabash railroad, west-bound, struck a bull a quarter of a mile west of this place Sunday night about midnight. The passengers in the rear cars were thrown to the floor by the shock, but none of them was hurt. An unknown tramp was instantly killed. Engineer John Egan was fatally hurt, being injured internally and badly scalded. Fireman Greasa was badly scalded on the back and legs.

Fatal Trolley Car Accident.

Philadelphia, Sept. 7.—Ten persons were seriously injured in a collision with a trolley car Sunday night. There was a wagon load and all were enjoying themselves singing. When Forty-fourth street and Park Side avenue was reached the wagon was suddenly overturned by a trolley car and the occupants thrown in every direction. The injured were taken to the German hospital. Two are not likely to recover.

Our Great Competition in Cotton.

London, Sept. 7.—The Alexandria, Egypt, correspondent of The Times says that the Egyptian cotton crop just closed has yielded 5,900,000 cantars (about 884,390,000 pounds), double that of a decade ago and over £1,000,000 in value beyond that of 1896. Accounts of the crop now beginning are entirely favorable and indicate a total yield of more than 6,000,000 cantars.

Brakeman Instantly Killed.

Ravenna, O., Sept. 7.—An iron ore train on the Pittsburg and Western railroad was wrecked two miles east of this city. Brakeman Hawley A. Thomas of this place was instantly killed. Michael Seibb, a tramp, was fatally injured. Several other tramps were badly, but not fatally injured.

Ex-Congressman Hanback Dead.

Topeka, Kan., Sept. 7.—Ex-Congressman Lew Hanback died Monday morning at Armourdale, Kansas City, Kan.

GOLD IS EVERYWHERE.

Klondike Has a Rival Up at Michipicoten.

TALES TOLD BY PROSPECTORS.

Free Gold as Large as Pinheads Seen in Samples of Quartz—Preparations Being Made to Take Care of the Hundreds of People Who Are Flocking into the New Gold Region—Town Site Being Surveyed at Wawa.

Sault Ste. Marie, Mich., Sept. 7.—The party of gold seekers on the yacht Mary Bell returned from Michipicoten Sunday evening, after having been in the new gold fields but three days. They are entirely satisfied with their trip and with the newly discovered El Dorado, which they say, is fully as rich as has been reported. There were fourteen in the party and all responsible business men of this city. Each of them secured claims upon which the gold quartz promises big returns. In all, the party will make application for 4,000 acres which were prospected and staked out while they were there. Three members of the party were left on the ground to protect their interests.

Samples of Quartz.

Many samples of quartz in which free gold as large as a pinhead can be seen were brought by them. The specimens were secured from different places on their claims, which are scattered. When the party arrived Tuesday night, there was but six prespectors on the ground at Laka Wawa, and they secured good locations. They are jubilant over their finds, and say that the auriferous deposit is evidently an immense one. Veins of beautiful white quartz carrying gold exist almost everywhere in the Lake Wawa region. The orginal find is an extremely rich one beyond doubt. The returning prospectors say that where the veins are laid bare the gold particles can be seen everywhere in the quartz.

Prospectors Flocking to the Fields.

When the party left Saturday at least 200 prospectors had arrived, and they passed several parties going in. The shores of Lake Wawa were dotted with tents and within the three days they were there, a lively mining camp had sprung into existence. The distance from the mouth of the Michipicoten river to Lake Wawa is not to exceed seven miles, and the party experienced no difficulty in getting in and out. With their camp equipment the trip was made in about three hours. The road is a well defined one. The reports which the Mary Bell party brought has set the two Soos wild with excitement and an exodus to Klondike Junior began at once.

Most Important Discovery.

The report of Professor McKenzie, the geological expert, supplemented by the results obtained by the party which returned Sunday night, indicate that the Lake Wawa strike is the most important gold discovery which has been made in Canada. Prospectors now there who have been all over the Rossland district say that the Wawa field surpasses it immeasurably, as it does all others with which they are acquainted. The location is such that mining machinery can be transported there cheaply. The quarts is of a nature that is easily mined and milled and from all appearances there are inexhaustible stores of it. The county has never been explored for mineral until now, and the prediction of Professor McKenzie that there will be richer strikes than those already made seems certain of fulfillment because a large number of experienced gold prospectors are now working there.

Surveying a Town Site.

Indications are that some of the claims found by the returning Soolites of Sunday will pan out as well as the original Mackey-Dickinson claim. A townsite is being surveyed at Lake Wawa and preparations are being made to care for the hundreds of people who are certain to flock to the region in the next few weeks. The steamer left here Monday afternoon and will hereafter make three trips weekly. Another boat will be put on the route if necessary and arrangements are being made to build a dock at Michipicton. Monday's boat took up a big crowd of people, many of whom will have to sleep on the deck.

Native Rulers Loyal to the Empire.

Simla, Sept. 7.—The native rulers in all parts of India have offered the services of their troops against the frontier tribes and the viceroy, the Earl of Elgin, has accepted the services of four battalions of infantry and two companies of sappers from the Punjab rulers and will also accept the use of transport trains from the Maharajahs of Gwalior and Jaipor, which did good service during the Chitral campaign. The government has also sent its thanks to these rulers, whose unanimous action is regarded as being emphatic testimony of their loyalty.

One Killed, Eight Seriously Hurt.

Waterville, Me., Sept. 7.—An excursion train on the Maine Central railroad was wrecked Sunday morning, two miles west of Etna station. One person was killed and thirty-two wounded. The single dead passenger was Martin Payne, aged 21, of Plymouth. The seriously hurt are: Charles Getschell, baggage master at Newport station; Frank O. Billings, East Newport; Arthur Fish, Dexter; Mrs. J. W. Townsend, Newport; Joseph Welch, St. Albans; Oscar Butters, Newport; W. H. Earle, Plymouth, and Mrs. Wilbur Miles, Newport.

General Lee's Return from Havana.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Assistant Secretary Day of the state department was asked whether or not it was true as reported that Consul General Lee, now on his way to the United States, would not return to Havana when his vacation is over. Judge Day replied that the regular thirty days' annual leave had been granted to General Lee and that so far as he was aware, there was no reason to suppose the general would not return to Havana when the thirty days had expired.

Horrible Death of an Insane Woman.

Owosso, Mich., Sept. 7.—Miss Mill Comstock, a teacher of music, died from the effects of being burned. She put a blanket saturated with oil around herself and set fire to it. She had been in poor health for some time and preparations were being made to remove her to the Pontiac asylum.

WOULD RECIPROCATE

Argentina Negotiating with Uncle Sam Under the Dingley Reciprocity Clause.

OUR TRADE WITH THAT COUNTRY.

What She Supplies to Us and Buys from Us and How Her Tariff Has Favored Us—It Is Now Reciprocity or Retaliation as the Dingley Schedules on Her Products Are Prohibitive—About That French Atlantic Telegraph Cable.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Senor M. Garcia Merou, the Argentina minister, has not yet received official notice of the message sent to the Argentina congress by President Uriburu suggesting either reciprocity treaties with the United States or retaliatory tariff legislation if the United States declines to make a treaty, but he is familiar with its purport, as it is in line with negotiations he has conducted for some time with the state department. He is expecting information from his government at an early day. The present action in Argentina was foreshadowed by Senor Merou in an official note which he sent to Secretary Sherman some time ago. In this the minister referred to the painful surprise of his government on hearing of the practically prohibitory rate of duty which threatened Argentina wool. He also presented a statement of the trade between the countries, which he said showed that the main articles sent by Argentina to the United States are wool, hides, goatskins and bristles.

Argentina Duties on Our Goods.

Minister Merou pointed out that Argentina had made heavy tariff concessions to the United States, specifying as follows: "We have on the free list, besides other articles, mowers, reapers, threshers, raw petroleum, coal, coke, locomotives, rails and sleepers; we have reduced the duty on lumber (yellow pine and oak), on canned goods, on petroleum, on cotton goods (this last from 60 per cent. to 20 per cent.), and we are levying a moderate duty on all other American products imported there (5 per cent. ad valorem on plows, machines and motors of all kinds for agricultural purposes, sewing machines, rosin, wire for reapers, fences, etc." The value of mowers and reapers shipped from the United States to Argentina, he said, was $817,455 for the year ended July 1, 1895, while the shipments of mineral oil, lumber, tools, all kinds of instruments, railroad equipments, etc., also were large.

Plan of President Uriburu.

President Uriburu's plan contemplates that the Argentine tariff rates shall be remodeled so as to provide a maximum tariff and a minimum tariff similar to the plan of European countries. The advantages of the minimum rates will then be accorded to the United States if a reciprocity treaty is negotiated which will give consessions to Argentina goods, Argentina will urge that a treaty be negotiated by which the president grants 20 per cent. reduction in the duties on such goods as may be agreed on. The negotiations will not be opened, however, until Senor Merou receives explicit instructions from his government.

THAT FRENCH ATLANTIC CABLE.

Uncle Sam Has a Question to Decide of Its Right to Land.

Washington, Sept. 7.—Officials of the state department and of the attorney general's office have been conferring recently relative to the French cable which lands at Cape Cod. The cable was first laid under authority given by the president through Secretary Evarts in 1879, and recently the French company has been replacing this line with a new copper cable. This met with opposition, and Senator Frye introduced a bill to prevent the landing of cables without the consent of congress, while Senator Nelson afterwards offered another bill leaving the question with the president. Neither bill passed congress. While they were under consideration in the senate committee on commerce the statement was made that if the French cable was landed pending congressional action a United States revenue cutter would cut it.

Through the summer work on the cable has progress steadily, indicates mation received here yesterday indicates that the last link in the line will be completed in mid-ocean in about ten days, although there may be delays owing to the delicacy of this final operation. The American connection at Cape Cod is said to have been completed, with the line running into mid-ocean. The question before the state department and attorney general has been as to the right to land a cable of a foreign company.

There appears to be much doubt as to the law, or whether there is any law on the subject. The French company has argued that the line was a renewal of the old line and not a new line. It also pointed out in a communication to the senate committee that the line was of strategic importance to the United States, as it is said to be the only cable which does not pass over British territory. What, if any, action the government will take has not been determined so far as can be learned.

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EXILED TO SIBERIA.

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON.

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[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XI.

THE MINES OF KARA.

They were hurried through the corridor into a rear apartment, and the door was quickly closed. The danger was past, however, and the Cossack officer, after driving his men from the house, returned to claim his prisoners.

"Yes," he said, "these are my men. This is Platoff, the fellow who caused all the disturbance." And he glared threateningly at the Russian, who was sitting on the floor nursing his wounded leg.

Then, turning to the officer in command of the building, he added: "I shall have to leave these fellows in your charge overnight. I fear many of the convicts have escaped, and we must lose no time in retaking them. We have taught your Irkutsk mob a lesson they won't forget, and we are by no means done with them yet." And swearing violently he hurried away.

"Where are we?" asked Platoff of the officer who had arrested them. "What house is this?"

"You have assaulted and broken into the czar's storehouse of exile supplies," was the stern reply, "and I am the officer in command of it."

This announcement was a great surprise to Platoff. The fact that he had stormed single handed a building held by the soldiers seemed to impress him from a ludicrous standpoint, for he turned toward the boys with a comical expression on his face.

Maurice was trembling in fear of the consequences of this rash act, and Phil was leaning against the wall, very pale and dazed.

A surgeon presently arrived, who dressed the bullet wound in Platoff's leg, and then the prisoners were led away and placed in separate cells, large, dreary apartments half filled with huge wooden chests.

Maurice spent a wretched night. He tossed from side to side trying in vain to sleep, and listening to the monotonous tread of the sentry. At daybreak a file of mounted Cossacks came after the prisoners. Platoff, on account of his wounded leg, was mounted on horseback, and the boys, heavily ironed, were placed between two columns of soldiers.

As they passed through the square Maurice could with difficulty believe that it was the scene of last night's struggle.

The place was almost deserted. A few people stood on the street corners, and the shutters of the somber gray houses were tightly closed, probably to hide the broken windows.

The forwarding prison was soon reached. It was a large, dilapidated building on the outskirts of the city. The boys were separated from Platoff as soon as they entered the courtyard and taken away to a large cell, where they were locked up together. Here they spent nearly two weeks of trying suspense, expecting any moment to be led out and shot for their participation in the riot.

The guards visited them daily, but it was impossible to obtain any information from them, and Maurice's entreaties to the commanding officer of the prison were unheeded. Then one cold, raw morning they were hurried through the courtyard in the early dawn. Outside in the dreary street an exile party was forming, and before it was fully light the long procession was winding over the frozen ground toward the distant mines of Kara. That last stage of the journey was more dreadful than anything that had preceded it. Winter set in with arctic severity, and the wretched exiles toiled through snow and ice, shivering in their scanty garments, weak for want of nourishing food, and sleeping at night in road stations where every form of disease brooded in the vitiated air.

Many died, and some were left in wayside hospitals, but Maurice and Phil fortunately escaped serious illness, though they grew more emaciated day by day.

One slight consolation alleviated their misery. Paul Platoff journeyed at their side each day, and the strange acquaintance that began on the terrible night of the riot ripened into a deep and lasting friendship. The famous revolutionist, for such he was, possessed many traits which the boys admired. He was kind hearted and sympathetic, and, more than all, he readily believed the tale of crime and sorrow that they poured into his willing ear. Consolation, however, he could not give them. He explained the iniquities and the corruption of Russian justice with a vividness that made his hearers shudder, and he showed them how utterly hopeless it would be to attack Vladimir Saradoff's intrenched position, even with abundant proofs of the dreadful crime. Of himself Platoff spoke little. He had been neither a terrorist nor an extremist, he said, but had merely labored in behalf of social reforms.

On the flimsiest of evidence he was convicted and sentenced to Siberia for ten years.

He had been educated at the Moscow university and was an educated and scholarly man.

These and many other topics he discussed with the boys at every opportunity on their long march, and in this way both Maurice and Phil acquired a fluent knowledge of the Russian language that permitted them to converse freely.

Platoff told them much about the mines of Kara, its rules and regulations.

"We are all three political prisoners," he said, "and we shall be treated as such. For some months we shall be kept in close confinement in the prison. At the expiration of that time, if we behave ourselves in accordance with the rules, we will be permitted to join the free command and live outside the prison in cabins, subject, of course, to constant police supervision."

"But how about the mines?" asked Maurice. "Will we not be compelled to work in them?"

"No," replied Platoff; "only the ordinary criminals do that. Politicals never labor in the mines."

"And when once we are allowed to join this free command and live outside the prison what are our chances of escape?" continued Maurice. Platoff shrugged his shoulders.

"We won't discuss that," he said. "Many escape every year, some striking westward, others down the valley of the Amur toward the Pacific, but all are eventually recaptured and are made to pay dearly for their brief period of liberty. Yet if a chance offered I think I would take it. Time will tell whether I will be compelled to serve out my sentence at the mines of Kara."

"How far from the mines is the Pacific ocean?" inquired Phil.

"Less than 1,000 miles," was Platoff's answer. "The Amur river leads right to Vladivostok, the Russian seaport."

"And once at Vladivostok what chance of liberty would there be?" asked Maurice eagerly.

"In the harbor," said Platoff, "there are constantly English, French, German, Spanish and American vessels—and Russian corvets," he added, with a grim smile. The boys scarcely heard the last words. In imagination they saw a noble vessel riding at anchor, with the dear old stars and stripes waving over her deck.

"March lively, now, do you hear!" cried a Cossack soldier harshly, and with tear dimmed eyes the boys quickened their steps, while Platoff trudged stolidly forward, buried in his own thoughts.

One thing they had overlooked. In the time that had elapsed since the riot at Irkutsk and their assault on the czar's storehouse they had come to believe that no further punishment would be inflicted upon them. Even Platoff, who should have known better, was lulled into a false security.

Everything must have an end, and so this apparently interminable sourness, this toiling over desolate Siberian wastes and frozen rivers, was finished at last, and one dreary afternoon in the month of January the mines of Kara burst upon the heartsick exiles, and presently the command to halt ran up and down the line. In the thickly falling snow little could be seen—the dim outline of gloomy houses, groups of exiles moving to and fro and squads of armed Cossacks in all directions.

For two hours or more the newly arrived party were kept standing in ranks until their limbs were frost bitten and the snow was heavy on their heads and shoulders. It was dark when the little column was ordered forward again.

A brief march brought them to a low, gloomy log building, and presently the prison doors were closed behind them, and the long march was ended.

The gold mines of Kara are the private property of his imperial majesty the czar. They consist of a series of open gold placers, located along the banks of the river Kara, a narrow and rapid mountain stream.

Through this Kara valley lies a scattered chain of prisons, mines and convict settlements.

At the lower diggings centers the administration of the whole settlement. There resides the governor of the prisons, and there, in barracks, dwells a military force sufficient to quell any insurrection that may arise.

Closely connected with the lower diggings lies middle Kara, where the gloomy prison of the working convict force is located. There, in company with the ordinary and vicious criminals, Maurice and his companions had been placed, though the significance of the fact did not once occur to them.

The interior of the convict prison was gloomy and wretched beyond description. The floor and the walls were covered with the accumulated dirt of years, the narrow windows admitted through their dusty panes a meager supply of light, and the atmosphere was vile and stifling. Long, slanting platforms of bare, unplaned boards served for sleeping purposes. A few benches were scattered about, but not half enough to accommodate the inmates of the prison.

Inside the doorway the newly arrived exiles, not more than 30 in number, were halted, and an officer, with a paper in his hand, called out the names one by one and checked them off as they were responded to.

The commandant of the prison, a tall, bearded officer, with a harsh face, stood by his side, closely watching the proceedings.

When the last name had been called, the officer rolled up the paper and handed it to the commandant, saying: "There now, Captain Daroman, my duty is done, and I will leave these fellows under your authority. Take good care of them and don't give them too rich food or they will all get dyspepsia."

The officer laughed at his own weak witticism and passed out of the door, which one of the Cossacks held open for him.

The weary exiles made a motion to press forward into the room, but Captain Daroman waved them back with his hand.

Then in a hoarse voice he began to speak briefly, going over the prison rules and reciting at length the severe punishment in store for any one daring enough to break them. Maurice watched him closely and read in the lines of that cold, stern face the evidence of a pitiless and malignant disposition.

Wretched indeed would existence be in that prison under the will of Captain Daroman.

He ceased at last, and as he turned away Paul Platoff stepped quickly forward. "Captain Daroman," he said respectfully, "I am a political prisoner, and so also are these two men," designating Maurice and Phil. "I should like to know why we have been brought here instead of to the political prison at the lower diggings?"

CHAPTER XII.

A DARING ACT.

Captain Daroman wheeled like a flash, an ugly expression on his face.

"You mutinous dog," he shouted, "beginning already, are you? I'll make an example of you for the benefit of the others." He turned toward the soldiers, apparently on the point of giving some orders, while Platoff's face flushed crimson and his hands quivered nervously.

However, Captain Daroman suddenly changed his mind, and he turned once more to Platoff, with a grim smile hovering on his lips.

"So you wish to know why you are here, do you? So this place is not good enough for you? You'll find out before you get through, let me tell you. What's your name? I can readily guess, though. You are Platoff, the revolutionist. Stand to one side there and let your two friends come forward too. Birds of a feather must flock together."

Maurice and Phil timidly advanced a few paces from the throng, and the commandant surveyed them with a lowering aspect.

"What are your names?" he asked fiercely.

Maurice hesitated. To proclaim himself under the false title by which he had been arrested would be a tacit acknowledgment of the name, while to tell the truth would undoubtedly cause serious trouble and excite Captain Daroman's wrath to its fullest extent.

At this critical moment Platoff came to the rescue.

"Their names are Cunningham and Burton," he said respectfully. "They are but little acquainted with the Russian tongue."

Maurice attempted to utter a feeble protest, but a glance from Platoff silenced him. The commandant scanned the paper he held in his hand.

"Platoff, Cunningham, Burton," he muttered under his breath. Then, looking up keenly, he said: "And so you think it is strange that you were not taken to the political prison? Have you forgotten Irkutsk on the night of the 22d of September? Have you forgotten the riot, the slaughtered soldiers, the

"What are your names?" he asked fiercely.

attack on the czar's storehouse? Did you think to escape the penalty of those misdeeds? Justice does not sleep in Russia. You were tried and convicted without your knowledge. Sentence was given—you say you did not know it? Very well, I have the decree of sentence here. It is enough for you to know that you are condemned to work out your time at hard labor in the mines instead of idling in a political prison. In me you will have no lenient taskmaster. I shall exact the fullest obedience. I know how to deal with fellows like you. Now go and be prepared in the morning to handle your picks in the czar's gold mines."

Captain Daroman turned haughtily away, and the crowd pressed forward, dragging Maurice and his companions with them.

Dazed by what they had just heard, they dropped mechanically on the wooden platform.

It was difficult at first to realize the full import of Captain Daroman's words.

The truth dawned on them gradually, and their own fate was brought more vividly to mind by the arrival of a convict party from the mines, a haggard group of men, soaked to the skin, who entered with a clanking of chains between a file of soldiers.

Toil and sleep, ever the same, without rest or change—such is life at the mines of Kara.

Platoff first fell into a paroxysm of anger, but it presently passed off, and he went calmly to sleep, an example which the boys, through sheer weariness, were forced to imitate.

Maurice awoke first. A faint streak of gray was shining through the dirty window, and as he sat up rubbing his eyes a drum began to beat, and the convicts around him left their hard beds without an instant's hesitation.

"Come," said Platoff, seizing Maurice by the shoulder; "delay will insure a speedy punishment."

Phil was up by this time, and they joined the crowd, who were pressing forward toward the door. A Cossack officer stood at the entrance, book in hand, and at once proceeded with the morning verification. The men answered to their names as they were called out and then scattered through the room.

A few moments later breakfast was served, consisting of weak tea and black rye bread, and as soon as this was over the working parties were made up for the day. Two gangs started from the prison, each surrounded by a squad of Cossacks. Maurice and Platoff were in one of these, and Phil was in the other. They marched past the few scattered log buildings that surrounded the prison and tramped for an hour or more up the gloomy valley. The sky was dark with clouds, and a fine snow was falling. The mining operations on the Kara river had reached a point some distance from the settlement, thus forcing on the convicts the additional misery of a long tramp through the snow each morning and evening.

The gangs consisted of 20 men each, and as soon as they reached the spot work was begun. Each party was instructed by officer, while the Cossacks, drawing a complete cordon around the convicts, built fires to keep themselves comfortable.

The gold bearing sands along the banks of the Kara river lie buried under a stratum of clay and gravel varying in depth from 10 to 20 feet. This is dug out by picks and carted away until the bed of sand is exposed, and the gold is washed out by rude hoppers. Under the watchful eyes of the overseer the men labored unceasingly. It was a sad sight, the grim soldiers pacing through the drifting snow or grouped about the fires, the wretched toilers bending to their work with aching limbs, and in fitting harmony were the clank of chains, the creak of the wheelbarrows and the monotonous tap of the picks. To Maurice this unaccustomed labor was especially severe. In a short time his back ached and his hands were blistered. Platoff tried to encourage him from time to time, but he was compelled more than once to stop work from exhaustion. The overseer showed some leniency toward those convicts who had just arrived from Irkutsk, and these short periods of rest were not rebuked. At midday a lunch of tea and bread was served, and then the labor continued without intermission until late in the afternoon.

They marched back to the prison at sunset, so weary that every step was torture. The principal meal of the day was now served, consisting of weak soup, rye bread and a small quantity of meat, and then the convicts went to sleep in rows on the bare platforms, some with their coats rolled up for pillows, others without pillows at all. To Maurice and Phil the first week at the mines was a period of horror, and for the first time they began to realize the unutterable misery of their situation. Platoff, with whom they were still able to converse at night, gave them no hope, and indeed they could see for themselves how perilous an attempt to escape would prove under the circumstances. One poor fellow had made a dash for liberty while returning from the mines at sundown, and his bullet riddled body was brought to the prison on a plank.

"Try to keep up your courage and wait," said Platoff. "That is all I can tell you. It may be that harder times are before us. Captain Daroman was summoned away the day after we arrived here. When he returns, we shall feel the change. Do you wonder now that men turn against the czar and his government?"

"No," said Phil, with a bitter laugh. "I am surprised at nothing, Platoff, and I am getting desperate myself. Some day I shall lose all control and turn on these fiends."

Platoff looked at the lad grimly, noting his flashing eyes, his heaving chest.

"You will be shot," he said quietly, and then to himself he added: "He's a fine fellow, with good stuff in him. We might do something after all. I'll have to look into the matter."

Platoff was right. The next day Captain Daroman returned, and the predicted change came with a vengeance. The supply of daily food was shortened, all conversation was strictly forbidden, and the wretched toilers in the mines were refused a moment's rest, with the exception of a scant ten minutes for lunch.

For a time these hardships were borne without complaint, but it soon became evident that the commandant had a special hatred against the three political prisoners, and he lost no opportunity of displaying his feelings.

One bitterly cold morning the convicts were trudging in pairs over the snow clad plains to their daily toil.

Maurice and Platoff marched in front, and close behind them was Phil, who had been transferred to their gang some time before. They had barely left the settlement and were passing along the base of a hill, part way up which stood half a dozen straggling cabins.

"Some of the free command live there," whispered Platoff, and Maurice looked with envy at the homes of the unfortunate people who were yet ten times better off than himself.

Suddenly he saw, to his great surprise, a girl standing by the roadside a few yards ahead.

She was not more than 16, slender of figure and dressed in a long fur cloak and cap. Her gaze was fixed compassionately on the approaching convicts, and Maurice's heart thrilled as he met a pitying glance from her dark eyes.

The sight of this innocent young maiden in such a strange place reminded him irresistibly of home, and for a moment a mist swam before his eyes, and he staggered against his companion.

"Who is that, Platoff?" he asked in an undertone. "What can such a creature have to do with this miserable place?"

"She must belong to the free command," replied the Russian, "a daughter probably of one of the exiles, and yet she does not look it," he added after a closer survey.

The convicts filed sullenly past, and still the girl stood motionless as a statue, her dark eyes looking unutterable sympathy at the doleful procession.

Near the end of the line came Captain Daroman, mounted on a Cossack pony. He frequently accompanied the working parties to the mines to see how much gold was being washed out, and this was one of his inspection days.

Strange to say, he was in a passably good humor this morning, and his flushed face showed that he had been indulging rather heavily in vodka.

From under his fur cap he observed the girl by the roadside, and as the pony brought him opposite he slipped out of the saddle and stepped up to her before she had time to move.

"Well, my pretty maiden, have you a kiss for me this morning?" he asked, with a smile. As the startled girl recoiled he threw his arms around her.

She uttered one loud cry and struggled fiercely to free herself.

Maurice wheeled round and took in the situation at a glance. There was no help for the girl. The convicts never even turned their heads, and the soldiers marched stolidly forward.

It was no business of theirs. She was only an exile's daughter.

One brief second Maurice stood thus, his eyes flashing, his hands clinched. Then, loose from Platoff's detaining

He flung him with all his strength to the ground.

grasp, he bounded from the ranks. Two Cossacks ran forward, but he slipped easily between them, and springing at Captain Daroman he seized him by the throat, tore him by main force from the struggling maid and flung him with all his strength to the ground.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MAZARIN BIBLES COME HIGH.

What They Are and Why They Are So Called—$20,000 For One Copy.

At the sale of the Ashburnham library in London a copy of the Mazarin Bible brought the good sized sum of $20,000. The Mazarin Bible is so called because a copy of it was first discovered by De Bure in the library of Cardinal Mazarin, in Paris, about 1760. Its value for book collectors lies in the fact that it is the first book of any magnitude printed from movable types. It was issued by Gutenberg at Mainz, in 1450-5, and for that reason Henry Stevens calls it the Gutenberg Bible. It is divided into two volumes, the first containing 324 and the second 317 pages, each page consisting of two columns. The characters, which are Gothic, are large and handsome and very much resemble manuscript. Before the discovery of this Bible the so called Bamberg Bible of Pfister was generally regarded as the first printed book, but that honor is now universally accorded to the former work.

According to Dr. Austin Allibone, there are six known copies of the Mazarin Bible on vellum, one of which is the volume found in the Mazarin library. The copies on vellum, however, are later than the copies on paper, 21 of which are known to be in existence. There is a vellum copy of the Bible in the British museum and a paper copy in the Lenox library of this city. The present value of a perfect copy of the Mazarin Bible on paper is about $15,000, and those on vellum are valued at about $20,000. Practically, however, their value is a variable quantity, depending on what the book collectors are willing to give for them. It has long been a matter of dispute whether the types employed in printing this Bible were metallic or wooden, but the question is still undecided. As a specimen of early printing the work is magnificent, containing richly embellished capitals in blue, red and purple.—New York Tribune.

A SMUGGLER'S TRICK.

He Carried His Wares Openly, Yet Fooled the Customs Officials.

"All this talk about smuggling recalls some of the things I learned when I was in the service," announced a retired crook catcher the other day. "New ways of beating the government are being devised right along, and many of the tricks I discovered are old now. There used to be more trouble with the diamond smugglers than there appears to be at present. I have found the sparklers in women's back hair, hat ornaments, hollowed shoe heels and sewed up in various articles of wear, in dog collars, in horses' hoofs, in fruits and vegetables, in trunks with false bottoms, in pipes and cigars, in canes, on the necks of carrier pigeons and even buried in men's flesh after the manner of the Kaffir diamond thieves.

"But the man who did the slickest business without ever being suspected told me about it afterward. He was a retired detective who had served with great credit. Shortly before resigning he claimed to have received a beautiful diamond ring with three very large stones from a New Yorker for whom he had been able to save a good deal of money. It was certainly a magnificent ring, and the matter was duly exploited in the papers. He professed to be doing a private business that took him across the river frequently, and he would often use the ferry three or four times a day. He always wore the dazzling ring, and I looked at it every day for months. Yet that fellow was making big money smuggling diamonds.

"How? Why, he had a paste ring made exactly like the genuine one. He would wear the paste one over, leave it to be set with diamonds, wear them back, have them replaced with paste and thus carry on the game right before our admiring eyes. We never suspected the rascal."—Detroit Free Press.

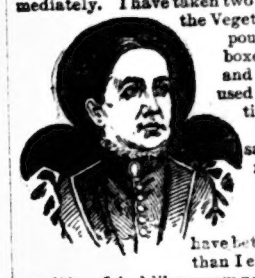
Sir Robert Cary rode nearly 300 miles in less than three days when he went from London to Edinburgh to inform King James of the death of Queen Elizabeth.

The heaviest bell in the world is that at Moscow, which weighs 432,000 pounds. That in city hall, New York, weighs 22,800 pounds.

MRS. KRINER'S LETTER

About Change of Life.

"I suffered for eight years and could find no permanent relief until one year ago. My trouble was Change of Life. I tried Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and relief came almost immediately. I have taken two bottles of the Vegetable Compound, three boxes of Pills and have also used the Sanative Wash, and must say, I have never had anything help so much, I have better health than I ever had in my life. I feel like a new person, perfectly strong. I give the Compound all the credit. I have recommended it to several of my friends who are using it with like results. It has cured me of several female diseases. I would not do without Mrs. Pinkham's remedies for anything. There is no need of so much female suffering. Her remedies are a sure cure."—Mrs. Ella Kriner, Knightstown, Henry Co., Ind.



THE NOSE AND THE TOES.

A Physical Culturist Says Pigeontoed People Have Crooked Noses.

A professor of physical culture announces that he has discovered an intimate connection between deformities of the nose and the position of the feet.

His name is H. L. Piner, and he communicates his observations to the New York Journal:

"You can tell a pigeontoed person without looking at his feet or seeing him walk. The discovery was made by me in 1891 while teaching physical culture. I found a stubborn awkwardness in the movements of my pupils' feet. Looking for the cause, I found that many of them were pigeontoed. In others one foot was correct and the other turned in.

"In teaching correct breathing I had to investigate the condition of the nasal passages. Then I found that wherever the person was pigeontoed in the right foot the right nostril was stopped up or otherwise deformed. It was the same with the left foot or nostril. If both nostrils were defective, both feet were pigeontoed.

At one time I examined 26 persons, and every one of them was pigeontoed in the left foot, with a corresponding defect in the left nostril. At another time I examined over 40 with a view to testing my discovery. Some of them had well developed nostrils and were not at all pigeontoed. Some had overwide nostrils, with overwide angles at the feet to correspond.

"Girls I found more generally and worse pigeontoed than boys. The person who has a whining or snuffling voice is usually pigeontoed.

"Another discovery is that with the defective nostrils were found invariably stooped shoulders and hollow chests, the stoop and hollow always bearing a direct ratio with the defect. In extreme cases there was an ugly protrusion of the abdomen, a tendency to draw back and upward the upper lip, exposing the teeth, that have also an unsightly protruding tendency.

"Tell your friend to walk from you. Watch his feet. If the left turns in, tell him that his left nostril is smaller than the right. That is, that he can take more air at any given inspiration through the right than through the left nostril alone. If the right foot turns in, tell him his right nostril is the smaller.

"Conversely, tell him to place the end of the thumb under and against the nostrils alternately, breathing through the open one each time, and ask him which nostril admits the greater amount of air. If it is the left, tell him he is pigeontoed in the right foot and vice versa. Demonstrate by having him walk naturally.

"Remember that the proper angle is 30 degrees on either side of the median line, or 60 degrees with both feet. Do not close the nostril from the side, but gently from underneath."

A Great Shot.

The Duke of Malakhoff was at a battue at Strathfieldsaye and shot nothing, much to his disgust, and when the day was over it appeared that he would be extremely put out unless he was allowed or enabled to kill something. So in spite of all the gamekeeper could think, feel or say a pheasant was procured, tied by its leg to the top of a post, and Malakhoff was put some 30 yards off with a double barreled gun. It was supposed that he would thereupon and thence take two shots at the bird. Not a bit of it. He loaded both barrels, walked close up to the pheasant, put the muzzle close to him and discharged both barrels into him, with "Ha! coquin." The next day the Duke of Wellington told the keeper that Malakhoff was a great man who had smoked to death 500 Arab men, women and children in a cave, to which the gamekeeper replied: "Like enough, your grace. He'd be capable of anything."—"Letters of Lord Blackford."

The Very Earliest Coins.

No one knows exactly when or where the original coin was "struck" or what metal was used. Certain passages in Homer would lead to the inference that brass was coined as early as the year 1184 B. C. Tradition affirms that the Chinese had bronze coins as early as the year 1120 B. C. But Herodotus, the acknowledged "Father of History," is of the opinion that the Lydians "invented" coins some time during the ninth century B. C. One of the oldest coins now known is a gold daric, coined by the Persians during the reign of Darius. On one side of this coin is a bust of Darius and on the other side a figure of a kneeling archer.

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CHICAGO, SEPTEMBER 11, 1897.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st., between Clark and LaSalle-sts.—Charles Frohman's Empire Stock Co.

McVICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between State and Dearborn—Mr. Thomas W. Keene.

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Jack and the Beanstalk."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—Primrose & West's Minstrels.

SCHILLER THEATRE.
Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—"Fort Frayne."

CLIFFORD'S GAIETY THEATRE,
Washington-st., between Clark and LaSalle—"The White Elephant."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Southwest corner Clark and Washington-sts.—Vaudeville.

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st. between Halsted and Union—Vaudeville.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—"What Great Britain tramples on in Ireland will rise to sting her in America."—*Henry Grattan.*

"It is not strength, and 'tis not steel
Alone can make the English reel,
But wisdom working day by day
Till comes the time for passion's sway.
The patient dint and powder shock
Can blast an empire like a rock!"
—*Thomas Davis.*

JOB'S COMFORT FOR SALISBURY.

It must be consoling to Premier Salisbury, in his hour of bitter trouble, to have the organ of the British masses poking salt and sulphur into his political wounds. Reynolds' newspaper has no comfort to give the British government in connection with its present Indian difficulty, which appears to be growing more formidable as time rolls along. In fact, no Irish Nationalist could desire more consoling reading than the following article, published in Reynolds of Aug. 21, and headed "Indian Frontier Troubles":

"Evil-doers always invent some excuse when their evil deeds come back to them to explain the disagreeable fact. This is exactly what is being done as regards the Indian frontier troubles at present menacing the government. All manner of vague talk is being indulged in as to whether the Ameer of Afghanistan is in any way stirring up these troubles or as to whether the Sultan or the German Emperor is in any way responsible for them. We read of wickedness and treachery on the part of the frontier tribes, of anything and everything, in fact, except the one true cause. That cause is the insane frontier policy of the Indian government, coupled with as black a piece of treachery and bad faith as the British have ever been guilty of. While all or nearly all the civil members of the government of India have advocated a moderate and wise policy, the military members have constantly advocated what is called a 'Forward' policy—that is, a policy of annexation and of adventure and meddling. Nature has provided India with a magnificent frontier in the shape of the Himalayan mountains, and one would have thought that the authorities might have been content to let these fortresses of nature remain as the boundaries of the empire.

"The civilians did take this view, but the military men thought otherwise. Soldiers are generally quite unfit for politics; they are rash fools who muddle and blunder, and finally involve the nations that trust in them in great disaster. Of this type are the soldiers of India, and these men were nearly all for a policy which should destroy the mountain defenses by sending expeditions beyond them. When expeditions are so sent they commonly meet with misfortune, and then troops have to be sent to support them or to avenge their destruction on the natives, whose territories have been wantonly invaded. This is exactly what happened in reference to Chitral. The authorities sent their expedition, and then they had to send their troops. When the troops had accomplished their task, however, what happened? The British authorities had solemnly promised to evacuate Chitral and they broke their promise and remained there. This, and this only, is the real cause of the frontier troubles which are now exercising the vigilance of the government. We have ourselves to blame, and ourselves only; we are reponsible because we have broken faith.

"Now, we do not think the present troubles very serious, taken in themselves. There is no doubt that disciplined strength will prevail over undisciplined tribes and that the immediate trouble will be ended. But the cause which has produced these troubles is very serious and will not be ended by any mere victory over mountain tribes. That cause is practically the military spirit dominating the government of India. We are not a military people, and when we act as though we were, we invariably come to grief. Our duty in India is to educate the natives, to develop the resources of the country, and to administer the government with justice and economy. Apart from those plain duties, we have no right whatsoever in the country, and ought to clear out at the earliest opportunity. But in this insane 'Forward' policy we have cast wisdom and right to the winds, have plunged into heavy military expenditure, and have allowed military considerations to determine policy. There lies the real danger, and what a danger it is nobody knows or cares save a very few. Difficult as it may be to retrace our steps, we ought unhesitatingly to do so, since we have entered on a path which leads to political and economic disaster. Unhappily the Liberals at home care hardly a pin more for the people of India than do the Tories, and the Indian Budget was taken the other day in an empty House. But for those who do see our danger and who do feel our heavy responsibilities a change of policy is an urgent necessity. If we do not carry it out voluntarily, it will be fixed on us in due time, for it is a fact admitted by all experts that the 'Forward' policy, due to silly military men, will, if unchecked, head straight to the bankruptcy of India."

THE YORKS VISIT A "SOCIAL FUNCTION."

The true inwardness of the late alleged "cordial reception" in Dublin of the Duke and Duchess of York is made manifest by the tone of the Dublin journals, in regard to the recent "royal visit," which has left no trace of "graciousness" or "clemency" behind it. The Irish Parliamentary leaders hoped against hope that, at last, the quality of mercy might enter into England's political dealings with Ireland and that, because of the royal visit aforesaid, the prison doors of the remaining Irish political prisoners might be thrown open. The futility of such hoping has been again fully demonstrated. Britannia, when not thoroughly frightened, always turns a scowling face on Ireland, and, in this case, has not departed from her traditional policy. Neither does she intend to. The Irish Independent, of recent date, contains an editorial on the subject of the visit of the Yorks which we have pleasure in reproducing in part, as follows:

"Having regard to the considerable strength of the Unionist section of the population of Dublin city and county, to say nothing of the contingents that arrived by excursion trains from the country, we are rather surprised that the greeting was not of a warmer character. Perhaps the somewhat cold and reserved demeanor of the Duke of York accounts for the lack of enthusiasm among those who assembled in the streets with the genuine desire of participating in the welcome. At the same time the royal visitors have no reason to find fault with their reception in the Irish capital. A popular welcome they did not receive, nor was it expected. The great majority of the citizens of Dublin, as we have already pointed out more than once, can take no part in functions of the kind so long as their demands are ignored and their national aspirations treated with neglect and scorn by our English rulers. The masses of our citizens would have no sense of self-respect if they acted in any other way than that in which they acted, having regard to the fact that they are denied the elementary municipal rights now enjoyed by the smallest hamlets in Great Britain.

"The Duke of York, to be sure, is not responsible for our grievances, but in his position as heir to the English crown he is a part of the system of which we complain and against which we protest, and will continue to protest and oppose until our rights are recognized and conceded. The attitude of dignified neutrality taken up by the Nationalists on the occasion cannot be found fault with by any impartial critic. Our fellow-citizens who think differently have a perfect right to display their feelings as we have a perfect right to stand absolutely aloof. We understand each other, and the feelings of mutual toleration that have marked the opening ceremony of the royal visit have had the happiest results. But it must be distinctly understood that others besides the Nationalists are to regard the event from the purely social, and not at all from the political, standpoint. With our local contemporaries no fault whatever can be found; but the same cannot be said for some English Unionist journals, which are rather inclined to exploit the visit for their own political ends.

"One English Unionist journal, for instance, in referring to the royal visit, talks of the 'unnatural restraints imposed upon' the people by their political leaders, and advocates the establishment of a royal residence, which, it says, 'would do much towards cutting down the upas tree of Nationalistic tyranny.' On the other hand, there is no occasion whatsoever for the patronizing manner adopted by the representatives of some of the London journals in their comments on the event. Nor is there any occasion for the Times to sneer at our railway services which, we venture to say, taken all round, are much superior to most of the English railway services, not excluding those of London itself. So far as the present royal visit is concerned English political journalists would do well to adopt a policy of restraint. The Irish people know how to act with respect and dignity, but they will not allow their action to be misrepresented or their motives misunderstood. We regard the present royal visit as a social function purely and simply."

"IRISH DAY" IN NASHVILLE, TENN.

The speakers on Irish Day, Sept. 21, at the Tennessee Centennial Exposition in Nashville, so far as heard from, will be the Hon. Patrick Walsh, of Augusta, Ga., ex-United States Senator and editor of the Augusta Chronicle; Rev. George W. Pepper, of Cleveland, O., and John F. Finerty, of Chicago. It is understood that a select detachment of the Clan-na-Gael guards and many citizens, including Mr. D. J. Gallery and family, will go from this city to attend the celebration.

IRISH FAMINE AND THE BRITISH HAT.

Again comes the dread warning note of impending famine in Ireland. The year that opened so auspiciously, with genial spring and the glorious summer, is closing with a wet autumn. The rain is falling in torrents day and night. All nature seems to conspire against the Irish farmer, and the crops that promised so bounteously are now the prey of the merciless waters. The plague of moisture would seem to be universal. English tourists, parish priests, police officers, private gentlemen, who correspond with the British and Irish press, all echo the same ghastly cry, "The Irish crops are destroyed—dread famine again stares the Irish nation in the face!"

Under such circumstances what would be the first act of an Irish parliament? It would close the ports and prevent export from Ireland to any country whatever of a single ounce of human food. It would then apply itself to practical measures of relief; import quantities of sustenance sufficient to meet every emergency, and, if necessary, raise a loan to the last cent of its credit, to keep the people from starving. It would send around no hat—confident as it would be that the resources and revenues of Ireland, honestly applied to its own use, would be sufficient to meet all the requirements of the threatened affliction.

Now what will the English parliament and government, which hold the Irish purse for England's benefit, do? Will they wait until a fourth of the people are dead of hunger, as they did in 1847, before they make a practical movement to arrest the march of the great destroyer? We think they will hardly do that in this era, for the world would brand them with dishonor, but they will do just as little as they can, and, meanwhile, although they overtax Ireland $12,500,000 a year, they will send around the British hat for the benefit of what they call the Irish mendicant at their gates. Oh, it is horrible, shameful, maddening, and the bitterest drop in that cup of national humiliation—British rule in Ireland.

PESTIFEROUS SCOTCH-IRISH.

Writing of the attempt of the Columbus, O., Journal to make out all Irishmen of note, in this and other countries, Scotch-Irish, the Ohio Pilot well says:

"No doubt the Pilot's opportune remarks last week prevented the incorporation of Lord Kelvin in the Scotch-Irish class. Lord Kelvin is too proud of being Irish, and too conscious of the prestige of being known as an Irish nobleman at home to seek the questionable honor of becoming a member of the Scotch-Irish or Irish-Scotch hybrids.

"The asinine claim put forth by this organization to the American presidents of Irish ancestors, is sufficient to stamp them as snobs of the very lowest type, despite their pretensions to letters and standing in society. The idea of naming the hero of New Orleans as of Scotch-Irish descent! Arthur and McKinley are more Irish in their ancestry than the late leader of the Irish race, Charles Stewart Parnell! While Sam Houston and Stonewall Jackson considered it the highest feather in their caps that they were of Irish blood and descent. The Scotch-Irish is a West Britton invented fad which we could excuse, if the motives were not offensive and contemptible, which inspired its creation, viz: a desire to qualify Irish descent and an assumption that such qualification endows the faddist with more respectability, prestige and race distinction.

"The Journal very kindly limits the knowledge of the world at large concerning this new hybrid race for it classically begins its article thus:

"'The Scotch-Irish, as they are known in America.'

"Exactly—this is the only country on earth that has any knowledge of and concerning them. They are not known in the other divisions of the earth, Europe, Asia, Africa or Oceanica, and despite their frantic efforts to qualify their ancestry, they are also known to all sensible Americans as men of Irish birth or descent, and composed of the very poorest material to make patriotic American citizens. Conscious of their deficiency in this repect because of their sycophantic loyalty to England, they claim, to cover their West British sentiments and convictions—the illustrious and distinguished men of the Irish race who in field and senate made the name of Ireland immortal among the nations. Vale! Scotch-Irish!"

But, after all, Friend Pilot, so long as Ireland remains as she is, a province and a slave, the weak, the mean, the bigoted, and especially the cunning, who never want to be identified with a baffled cause, will continue to advertise their descent from the simians by calling themselves Scotch-Irish. We have again and again stated that the first mention of the Scotch-Irish in history occurs in Story's "Wars of Ireland," published in London, 1693; where that author, King William's chaplain, states that they (the Scotch-Irish) were camp-followers and beat all others in stripping the dead! That is the testimony of King William's chaplain, the Rev. George Story—an enemy of Ireland and the Irish. Yet, will it be believed, this statement has not been published in a single Irish or Irish-American paper, so far as we know, except THE CHICAGO CITIZEN, although we have published the fact at least three or four times! The Scotch-Irish were camp-followers and battle-field ghouls in the Seventeenth Century, and they have not materially improved since then in mauly pride and patriotism.

BUFFALO BILL'S WILD WEST.

The addition of a life and death-like representation of the Custer Massacre to Buffalo Bill's Wild West exhibition has attracted other additional thousands to the Coliseum during the week. The Wild West season here will close Saturday evening, Sept. 11, but all Chicagoans will gladly welcome back Col. Cody and his gallant cavalcade next year.

THE following paragraph appears in the theatrical column of the Dublin Independent of Aug. 26: "The Sisters Langley danced well, and sang several duets. It might be well for them while in Dublin to omit that verse in one of their songs which states that every Irishman would lay down his life for his country and queen. As regards many Irishmen it is unfortunately doubtful if they would die for their country, and it is certain that they would not die for their queen."

A '98 LEADER.

Father Murphy's History.

The Rev. P. F. Kavanagh, O. S. F., who was for some years at Waverly, writes as follows to the Sidney Freeman:

In '98 the little county of Wexford shook the blood-soaked fabric of the British Empire till it reeled, and would have fallen had even half a dozen counties exhibited the same spirit as Wexford. As it was, it took the whole available army of England (aided by the Orange wolves, who followed in their wake to slaughter helpless women and children) to subdue the men of Wexford.

But my special object in writing to you is to give a true account of the part Michael Murphy took in the insurrection, and to tell how his death befel. There were two priests of the same surname who took a leading part in the insurrection, and their personality is, I think, often confounded by those who write on that subject. One of these was Father John Murphy, curate of Boolavogue, the particulars of whose life and death are widely known, and who is mentioned by both Irish and English historians as the most prominent of the '98 chiefs. He was a man of daring courage and of great, though untrained, ability. He was, in truth, to use the words of a celebrated English writer, "a born general." After his brief but glorious career as insurgent general he was taken prisoner by the British, and after suffering many shameful indignities was cruelly flogged and hanged, and his dead body burned to ashes by his barbarous and ferocious enemies. Father Michael's life ended in a different way. He fell on the field of battle in front of his pikemen.

I may here state that I, the writer, am Father Michael's grandnephew, and that what I hear relate concerning him I had from the lips of his nephew, John Prendergast, of Knottown, county Wexford, my maternal grandfather (whose mother was a sister of Father Michael), who was present at his death.

On a certain Sunday morning, a few days after the insurrection had broken out, the priest was on his way to celebrate mass when he was met by a number of parishoners who had taken up arms and were on their way to encounter the enemy. They told Father Michael of the resolve they had taken and entreated him to accompany them as their leader. The good pastor, though he was by profession a man of peace and by disposition strongly adverse to bloodshed, yet could not find it in his heart to desert his people in the hour of danger. He accepted the leadership, though not without some hesitation and relectance, for he knew that canon law forbids clerics to engage in war. We cannot doubt that he was justified in taking this step, for all human life, whether ecclesiastical or civil, must give way to the natural, and when life and liberty are assailed, all men have an inalienable right to defend them. They may submit, of course, to be deprived of them, but are not in conscience bound to do so.

Having once come to a decision, Father Michael Murphy threw his whole soul into the perilous enterprise, and resolved to follow it to the end. He marched at the head of his frieze-coated pikemen, the only unarmed man amongst them, for, like other priests who joined the insurgents, he scrupled to carry deadly weapons, and accompanied them only to animate their courage, and to direct their movements. After some successful encounters with the royalist forces, the body of pikemen under his command formed a junction with a large body of insurgents, and proceeded with them on their march to a village in the northern extremity of the county, where they halted and held a council of war to deliberate as to their further proceedings. In this council the leaders differed in opinion as to what course they should pursue. Some—the minority—would have their efforts confined to their native county, but the majority were of the opinion that they should endeavor to penetrate to Dublin, seize the Castle, and stir up, if possible, the sluggish people of that city to join them in striving to free the country from the English yoke. Father John voted with the minority for the former, of course; Father Michael was with the majority for the latter. When their leaders had come to this decision, the insurgent army had set out on their march toward the capital, Father John and others of the dissentient chiefs remaining in Wexford.

On arriving at the town of Arklow the Irish patriots found their onward way barred by a large body of English troops, who had thrown up strong intrenchments, fortified by artillery, at a place called "The Fisheries." The insurgents were but ill-prepared to encounter an enemy formidable in position, in numbers and in arms. With the exception of a few muskets, they had no arms save pikes. Their whole artillery was represented by one small cannon. The pike had proved a splendid weapon at close quarters, but in their present position was of no avail. Yet in this emergency their native courage did not fail them. Three times the gallant pikemen rushed forward to storm the hostile intrenchments, but were as often driven back, their ranks rent and shattered with showers of grape and of musket balls. The dead bodies of hundreds of them strewed the ground after each desperate charge. Many of their leaders had fallen, and those who remained were unwilling to lead on their men to further useless slaughter.

The brave men who fought in the ranks did not lose heart but determined to make one more essay. They retreated in good order, carrying away with them their wounded comrades, and came to a halt at some distance from the English intrenchments. Soon the cry arose from the ranks: "We will charge them again! Who will lead us?" But none of the remaining chiefs stepped forward in response to the call—deeming all further attempts useless. It was then that the gentle priest who had marched unarmed at the head showed that he was indeed deserving of his people's love and reverence, and that he whom his people believed to be the best among the good, was also the bravest among the brave.

Facing the insurgent ranks Father Michael Murphy cried: "Men of Wexford, I will lead; we will die or conquer together." With that he seized a pike that had fallen from the grasp of one of the slain, and rushed forward in advance of the pikemen, who followed him with courage as lion-like as his own. But before he had advanced a hundred yards a volley of deadly missiles came hurling from the English ranks, and Father Michael fell a dead man, his body "literally riddled with bullets," as it was described by those who saw it after death, and with him fell a number of his followers.

After this unavailing loss of life the insurgents retired from the field, no doubt to the great joy of the English soldiers, who watched their departure from behind their intrenchment, but did not dare to pursue them. They retired in good order, indeed, but very sad at heart because of the loss of their intrepid leader, the brave and devoted Father Michael, and returned to their native county resolved to fight to the last, and to die with honor if naught else could be done.

On the night following my grandfather, John Prendergast, accompanied by his brother Martin, came to the battlefield and carried thence his uncle's body, the brothers journeying during that night and the ensuing morning through Wicklow and Wexford till they came to Castle Ellis graveyard (nigh the village of Blackwater), where they hastily interred the remains of the dead leader, and where they at present lie.

Surely this man deserves all the honor that Irishmen, who love their country and its defenders, could pay to his memory.

In the coming '98 centenary the people of Wexford should take the lead, as their forefathers did in the great event which it commemorates—not unknown persons hailing from the center of English corruption in Ireland.

The September Century.

There is more than a spice of adventure about the September Century. "What Stopped the Ship," by H. Phelps Whitmarsh, is a story setting forth a mid-ocean mystery. A tale of peril in Alaska, called "An Adventure With a Dog and a Glacier," is by John Muir, whose timely paper on "The Alaska Trip," was printed in the August Century. "Prisoners of State at Boro Boedor" is an illustrated article on the experiences of two ladies in an out-of-the-way region in Java, by Miss E. R. Scidmore, author of "Down to Java," in the August number. There is another instalment of the extravaganza by Mrs. Marion Manville Pope, "Up the Matterhorn in a Boat," with pictures suggesting the daring adventures of her aeronauts. A subject of current interest is treated in a paper on "Cruelty in the Congo Free State," with striking photographs and notes of travel, made by the late E. J. Glave, in whom there is now an additional interest connected with his explorations in the Yukon region. Adventuresome also are the other serials—"Hugh Wynne," Dr. Weir Mitchell's American novel, and "The Days of Jeanne d'Arc," Mrs. Catherwood's study of the Maid of Orleans. "Browning's Summers in Brittany," by Mrs. A. M. Mosher, is both an illustrated paper of travel, and a study of the English poet's Breton work. The variety of the number is further increased by "Glimpses of Gladstone," by Harry Furniss, with characteristic drawings of the English statesman by the writer, not before printed. "A New Note in American Sculpture," by Arthur Hoeber, treating in text and illustrations of the statuettes by Miss Bessie Potter, of Chicago; the next to the last instalment of Gen. Porter's "Campaigning With Grant," and a "knowing" article by the Baron de Coubertin on "Royalists and Republicans of France." There is an editorial article on "Good Men and Bad City Government," a note by the editor on Glave's last letter and his death, and an announcement in detail of the Century's annual prizes for literary work by college graduates.

A GRAVE FOR A BROTHER.

(Dedicated to the A. O. H. of Cook County who unveiled the mortuary monument over their departed brothers, Sunday, Sept. 5, in Mount Olivet cemetery.)

"A grave for a brother," the cry went forth,
A grave for a brother who's far from home,
A grave where the bones of a friend may rest
In peace till the day when the Judge shall come
A grave for a brother in some quiet spot
'Neath shady trees and a tombstone grand
To tell to the stranger who passes there—
"He loved his God and his own dear land."

"A grave for a brother." Responsive the hearts
And hands of Hibernians; quick at your word
The rich and the poor to your coffers have brought
Their share of the gifts of a bountiful Lord.
The feelings the deepest in true Irish breasts
Are sorrow and honor for loved ones dead;
Like incense to heaven their fervor of soul
When pray'rs for departed are chanted or said.

"A grave for a brother." Ah yes, if he's true
To faith and to country, you welcome him warm;
No stranger to you tho' in rags he may come,
Or dingy the room where he'll face the death storm.
His lips you will moisten, his last moments cheer
Till life flickers weak and the spirit must pass
Then forth from the workshop, the desk and the field,
You throng to join pray'rs in the last holy mass.

Thank God there's a grave for the friendless at last!
A grave where a soldier for Ireland may rest
When far from the home and the altar he loved,
And sweetest of shelters—a fond mother's breast.
Oh noble the work gallant Celts you have done,
God's charity blesses the suffering brow;
God's angel records a bright deed to your names,
And twice consecrated is Olivet now.

CARRICKSHOCK.

Defects in Church Architecture.

More of the traditions of art and the rules of good taste have been rudely broken in church architecture in this country, and especially in Canada, than in all other branches of architecture, and with so little reason! The church has so many historical examples of wonderful architectural achievement, from which, with care and the guidance of an architect who is in sympathy with its subject, we should be getting good, straightforward ideas and suggestions, that such bad results as we have been getting seem utterly inexcusable. The sectarian churches being new and without that priceless ancestry of generations which left such peerless, magnificent examples of worship in stone, could not be expected to do much more than they have done, namely, to try to create new styles as they did creeds. Consequently, when we gaze upon a building that could be taken for almost anything as well as a church, we do not feel that a tradition has been violated; but with the Catholic churches it is very different. They have the inheritance and should be the keepers of it, as well as of the faith. The styles of architecture for the church seem to be very clearly defined, and there should be little trouble in getting good examples from which to work. The mind quite naturally turns to Romanesque, Byzantine, Norman, or one of the different periods of Gothic. The latter seems to be the most appropriate of all and the one that has been most abused.—William Hart Boughton, in Donahoe's.

Wise Men Know it is folly to build on a poor foundation. Relief obtained by deadening symptoms is short. Hood's Sarsaparilla *cures* and gives lasting health.

Hood's Pills cure nausea, sick headache, indigestion, biliousness. All druggists. 25c.

An Old Nurse for Children.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhœa.

FAMOUS FERNS.

The Center of the Great Rebellion of 1798 in Wexford County, and a Place Celebrated for Ages in the History of Ireland.

Inhuman Atrocities of the Orange Magistracy Which Drove the Peaceful People to Open and Gallant Resistance.

When, during the forthcoming celebration of the '98 Centenary, the Irish exiles are paying pilgrimage to the sites of the battlefield of a hundred years ago, Ferns will naturally—indeed necessarily—receive a very considerable influx of visitors.

After Enniscorthy, which is practically the centre of county Wexford, Ferns is the next central town, in point of position, of any considerable importance. It affords the nearest railway station, and, in other respects, provides the most complete traveling arrangements and accommodations as a centre from which to reach many places made memorable in historical '98. Within the parish of Ferns, in the townland of Tincurry, Father John Murphy, the insurgent leader, was born about the year 1753. Here Father Murphy's father farmed about seventy acres of land, and from here young John Murphy went to Seville, in Spain, where, after completing his studies, he was ordained priest.

Some three miles distant from Ferns, in the Catholic parish of Monageen and sub-parish of Boolavogue—of which Father John was curate—is the village of Harrow, where the first shot of the insurrection was fired; and about a mile further on is Boolavogue chapel, on the site of Father Murphy's old thatched "Mass House," burned down by the Yeoman on Whit-Sunday morning, 1798.

About two miles distant from Boolavogue, but no further away from Ferns as a centre, is Carrigrew Hill, affording a very pleasing, extensive and varied panoramic view, taking in the entire breadth of the county Wexford from the seashore to the Wicklow mountains. Among a host of '98 subjects comprised within the field of view are the sites of four battlefields—Gorey, Tubberneering, Enniscorthy and Oulart Hill.

On Carrigrew (Carrick-rua) Hill Father Murphy's signal fire—the first tongue of the beacon of liberty—was kindled. Here the insurgents bivouacked for the night after their victory at Oulart Hill, from here they proceeded early the following morning and captured Lord Mountmorris' arsenal of government arms at Camolin Park previous to proceeding through Ferns to Enniscorthy; and on this hill ther were subsequently encamped before the defeat of the king's army at Tubberneering.

Some miles in another direction, communicating with Ferns by mail car, is the important town of Newtownbarry. Battle won June 1, and lost through lack of precaution within the hour.

Ferns also contributes its own memories of '98. It was the headquarters of that ruffianly corps of yeomanry cavalry, "The Ferns Buffs," who, in conjunction with the "Camolin Greys," made the country for miles around a veritable hell to the unfortunate peasantry. In point of fact it was the atrocities perpetrated in the streets of Ferns in sheer wanton deviltry that constituted the immediate cause of the "rising" in Wexford.

Martial law had been proclaimed about November, '97, giving full license to the Orange magistracy, the most atrocious of whom were the principal officials in the yeomanry corps. It was a favorite amusement with the yeomen when going home, fully charged with whisky, from their drill meetings, just for the fun of the thing, to shoot any Catholic who was so unfortunate as to meet them on the road, or to call people to the door when passing houses and shoot them down without more ado and pass on.

Any person found out of his house after sunset was subjected to torture, while to remain indoors meant running the chance of having the roof fired over his head. Then came the proclamation of the sheriffs and magistrates of county Wexford, commanding that, whereas, they had received information of the inhabitants being provided with arms, such arms, "or other offensive weapons" must be surrendered within fourteen days from the 23rd day of May, or the army would be turned loose on the people to enforce the proclamation.

Terror-stricken by the treatment inflicted on those with whom arms had been found, "Many," says Mr. Hay, "who had not pikes procured them now in order to obtain on delivering them up a written protection from the magistrate." This "protection," however, was not worth the paper it was written on. The scourge and pitch-cap were plied and the firing of houses was indulged in to even greater excess under the eyes and by the very orders of those same magistrates, from whose sentence there was no appeal.

In order, however, to avail themselves of the protection, the people of Boolavogue, by the arrangement through Lieut. Bookey, attended at Ferns to surrender their offensive weapons to Capt. Cormick and receive in exchange official warrants of protection. Having complied with their portion of the arrangements, instead of receiving the promised "protection" the people were set upon by the armed yeomanry who had been drawn up on parade, supplemented by an Orange mob, outnumbering the people two to one. It was this act of treachery and cold-blooded barbarity that was the cause of the people rising.

A few days later the self-same people, not now sueing for permission to live, but, as the victors of Oulart Hill, marched to Ferns, to wipe out the stain of indignity and outrage. They marched inoffensively through the deserted Royalist town, and hurried on to settle the reckoning at Enniscorthy.

Ferns furnishes, too, a long list of historic memories of times long anterior to '98. The modern town replaces a long-forgotten royal and cathedral city, dating back for a certainty to the sixth century, and probably to a considerably earlier date. Here for many centuries the kings of Hy-Kinsellagh wielded the temporal power, while from the churches and monasteries close to the loyal abode the saintly successors of St. Aidan patron and founder of the diocese, exercised their mild spiritual influence and moral suasion.

Of the ecclesiastical ruins the least imperfect is "The Abbey," surrounded by trees, in the Palace Lawn (formerly church lands). Attached to this ruin is a round tower. A short distance from the abbey, the interior opens to the palace grounds, but otherwise within the churchyard enclosure, is the ruined chancel of what appears to have been a church of considerable pretensions. Near its wall is pointed out the burial places of the ancient kings and bishops, and within the adjoining (now Protestant) church, lying at the back of the pulpit, an ancient statue of St. Aidan.

But the largest ruin in Ferns, and among the largest of its class in Ireland, is what remains of its ancient castle. It has a unique interest for the student of Irish history because of its associations with the traitor who "brought the Norman o'er." Dermot McMurrough burned to ashes the city of Ferns about the year 1166, previous to retreating to the interior of his Wicklow fastnesses, owing to his having refused to acknowledge Roderick O'Connor, who had just ascended the throne of Ireland. The chapter of Irish history that opened with that accursed name has not yet closed, and it never can close until the national rights of the Irish nation have been restored to it.—Ex.

GENTLE JEAN INGELOW.

Her Life of Modesty, Contentment and Tranquil Resignation.

Jean Ingelow, who died recently in London, says the New York Sun, seemed curiously out of place in the literary life of the day when any writer who has done anything to attract attention lives so much in the public eye. Jean Ingelow's career was quiet and gentle in its course. The greater part of her work, moreover, was done at a period previous to that in which the public interest in celebrities was as fully gratified as it is today. For nearly a quarter of a century she had been neglected by the world in spite of the great popularity that her earlier writings had won. But it is certainly notable that a writer who was esteemed the most popular woman poet of her day, whose books in her country ran through twenty-three editions and in the United States were sold to the number of 200,000, should never have been interviewed. But this was one of Miss Ingelow's distinctions.

Probably this resulted from the horror of publicity which had always prevented her from appearing in gatherings of notable persons. It is said that she would not even accept invitations to dinners at which the company was likely to be made up too much of well-known persons. There was one series of entertainments in which she indulged herself for many years. Three times a week she invited to dinner at her house the poor people lately discharged from the hospitals in the neighborhood, and it is said that in her own view of the world the dinner table was a place much more adapted to such practical charity than to poetry. Her acquaintance was not limited, however, to persons so distant from her own sphere. Many eminent literary men of the time were among her intimate friends. Ruskin was one of these—and he is said to have taken particular pleasure in her society—Lord Tennyson was another, and her personal set had included Dante Gabriel Rosetti, James Russell Lowell, Oliver Wendell Holmes and many others of almost equal fame.

Miss Ingelow was born in a small town in Lincolnshire, where her father was a banker, and, although she had lived for many years previous to her death in Kensington, it is said that her shy, modest manners never lost the quality that her early life in the country had given them. She was never a beauty, although her face was wonderfully attractive in its sweetness and variability of expression to the persons who knew her. Although as a child of 5 she had shown a wonderful sensitiveness to rhythm, her first poems were not published until she was 43 years old. The book was published anonymously at her own expense. When the small edition was exhausted, her publisher advised her that it would not be wise to attempt the experiment of another issue. But the great popularity that her work suddenly achieved proved the fallacy of that counsel. She became suddenly famous, and it was not long before all the eminent writers of the day had made her acquaintance. She and her mother had moved to Kensington and this sudden extension of her acquaintance was not without its embarrassment to a woman whose previous life had been so quiet.

She had not read a great deal before she began her career as a poet, and she attributed much of the freshness of her verse to this circumstance. The success of her first volume was never repeated. The public would never be attracted to her succeeding works as it had been to the verses that made their appearance so modestly in 1863. For many years before her death she had known nothing of the delights that the golden years of her fame—years limited to little more than a decade—had brought so unexpectedly to her. But it is said that her gentle, optimistic nature never showed any resentment at the indifference of the public. She was eminently hopeful, contented and determined to take the sunniest view of life. Her natural disposition luckily made this attitude the easiest for her. So she was never heard to complain of the fickleness of the public taste, which for many years had left her quite out of its thoughts.

Something Interesting to Every Family.

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to their grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of five cents per loaf.

A GRAND MEMORIAL.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

which she was reproached, for the divisions that wrecked her strength, for the slanders that had insulted her fame, Ireland had no need to blush. They were the work of England, and on England's forehead these crimes against honesty, unity and truth had left their indelible brand of shame. (Applause.)

He heard the bell of the locomotive ringing to warn them to depart—let him hope that it typified the bell of liberty for Ireland—and he would conclude with the full conviction that Ireland's battle was not lost, and that myriads of exultant pilgrims would yet return to Irish soil to celebrate with their kindred, who remained to watch by the hearth-stones of their fathers, the glorious dawn of peace, prosperity and freedom in that long-suffering but still glorious and well-beloved land. (Enthusiastic cheering.)

The proceedings then terminated and the magnificent gathering quietly dispersed.

A LAMENT.

In Memory of Marjorie, Who Died Feb. 9, 1893.

"She is in her grave, and, oh, The difference to me!"

There is a lilac on the hedge,
  Lilac at last!
Violets on the woodland edge,
  And the cold days are past;
But when the wind blows warm
  And the lark sings clear,
It is that I sorrow most
  That you are dead, my dear.

The white bloom is snowing
  From the blackthorn bough,
The young corn is growing
  From the furrow now;
The gorse flameth up to heaven
  On the golden height,
And would that you might walk with me
  The upland bright!

Oh, would that we could wander
  On hill or shore,
Through mead or thicket yonder
  As in May of yore.
And see from every greening tree
  The young leaves uncurled!
But you will walk again with me
  No wood of the world.

Nevermore! Ah, never
  In any land,
Shall I have comfort ever
  Of your guiding hand—
And never in the fireside gleam,
  Or by gleaming skies,
Shall I behold the light of life
  In your dear brown eyes.

Two seasons of summer weather,
  Two of winter hoar,
We saw in life together
  These and no more.
Twice from the rose to the rose,
  From the snow to the snow,
Yet in so short a space
  Did our great love grow.

Swiftly those years went by us,
  Our joy so brief
Fled as the swallows fly us;
  Not so my grief.
Joy fled, but grief abideth
  To guard my friend,
Dove-like since you departed
  Your memory faithful-hearted,
Fills my own life's end.

IRIS OLKYRN, in United Ireland.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

Liberty Council.

The regular monthly meeting of Liberty Council, I. N. A., will be held on Friday, Sept. 17, at 8 p. m., in Dougherty's hall, No. 446 West Twelfth street. The committee have in course of preparation an excellent programme, consisting of a high order of talent for this occasion. The principal speaker will be Mr. George E. Gorman, a young lawyer, at present connected with the City Attorney's office. All lovers of liberty are invited to be present at the meeting, and the ladies and grown children are particularly invited on this occasion. Admission free.

M. HEANY, President.
PATRICK RICE, Secretary.

How to Form Councils.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them proceed to organize themselves under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer and Secretary. The initiation fee of $1.00 per member must be paid in advance, and 50 cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received hall rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, No. 154 Twenty-second street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, C. O'Connor McLoughlin, No. 51 East One Hundred and Twenty-second street, New York, who, on information that the Treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name and full address of the Presidents of Councils at least should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions are now ready for distribution.

Ferris Wheel Park.

The sixteenth week of Ferris Wheel Park will open auspiciously this coming Sunday with a repetition of the excellent vaudeville bills which have made the park so popular. Throughout the warm summer evenings no place in Chicago has offered so many advantages to the amusement seeker. Rides in the big wheel, the best and highest class vaudeville bill in the city, the best concert music, and the miniature world's fair, all contribute a list of attractions not duplicated in any of the other amusement resorts. The first of the school children's 10-cent Saturday matinees was tried last week with great success, and the management will continue them the Saturday of each week until the season's close.

The bill for the forthcoming week will include Arthur and Jennie Dunn, Howard and Johnstone, John and Nellie McCarthy, John Welch, Sorecraut, Herbert and Saucrabet, the Earls, etc., etc.

KINGS AMONG ELEPHANTS.

Two Fine Beasts That Had Slave Elephants to Wait on Them.

It was our good fortune to be present at an important meeting of the "Keddah," at Chila, on the banks of the Ganges, where the Nepalese government had sent down their magnificent troop of tame elephants, for the chase of the wild ones. They were about one hundred in number—magnificent, noble creatures!

The two finest among them were the "kings" of the troop, and were called "Bijli Prasad" and "Narain Gaj Prasad." Bijli Prasad, which means, "Lord of Lightning," was such a grand fellow! The width of his brows was so great that he could not put his head through our hall-door; and he knows to the smallest point what a mighty creature he is.

He and his companion, Narain Gaj Prasad, which means, "The Peerless Lord," are provided with two slave-elephants, and the only duty of the latter is to fetch and provide fodder for Bijli and Narain Gaj. They do their duty right well. At early dawn their mahouts, or drivers, drive them into their jungles, and they work like real slaves. They collect the sweet sugar-canes, tearing them up by their roots, the young succulent grasses, and tender leaves, and heap them up in masses which weigh about three hundred pounds each. These loads are put on their backs, and thrice a day they gladly carry in their burdens and lay them at the feet of their lords.

We went out by moonlight to see the latter fed, and any child would enjoy the strange sight. First of all the mahout makes a great big camp-fire of twigs and brushwood, and on it he places a large flat iron dish, supported on two bricks. Then he takes wheat flour and kneads it with water into great round flat cakes about an inch thick and twice the circumference of a soup-plate. These cakes he bakes on the iron dish.

We were anxious to taste them, and we found them very good. We punched out with our fingers all the nice brown spots, and ate them, piping hot. And to make up to Bijli and Narain for taking part of their supper, we had prepared a treat, of which they are particularly fond. From the bazaar we had bought great balls of sugar-cane juice boiled down and made solid, called "goor" in that country. Each ball was twice the size of a tennis-ball, and in each wheat-cake or "chapati" we rolled a lump of this molasses. You should have seen how the big beasts enjoyed their feed—how their great trunks rested down on our shoulders, always upturned for the forthcoming delicacy!—"Stories About Elephants," by Marie A. Millie, in September St. Nicholas.

Death of James K. O'Neill.

[To the Editor.]

By the latest papers from Cork we learn of the death of James K. O'Neill, at the age of 66 years, one of Ireland's truest sons. He was a bosom friend of David Murphy, the head center of the old I. R. B., in the city of Limerick. It will be remembered that David Murphy was the first person who bravely exposed Pigott's infamy and was shot and wounded by Pigott's emissaries.

J. R. M.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

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STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The Teutonic arrived at New York Sept. 8.

The Majestic arrived at Queenstown Sept. 7.

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Enjoy the cool breezes and restore your shattered nerves at Waukesha, Waupaca, Fifield or some other famous Wisconsin summer resort, easily reached on fast trains running via Wisconsin Central lines to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Ashland and Duluth. Our booklet, "Vacation Suggestions," tells you how and where to go. Your nearest ticket agent can give you further information.

JAS. C. POND, G. P. A.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

The Irish Language

The Irish classes conducted by the Gaelic League of Chicago, meet for study every Sunday at 2:30 p. m., at room 119, city hall. All Gaels who wish to acquire a knowledge of the ancient language of their race, are invited to join the Gaelic League. Competent teachers are provided. There is no fee or expense, whatever, to be met except for the purchase of books, which are supplied at cost, by Mr. William Raliegh, and which may be obtained from him at the class rooms or at his residence, 735 South Canal street, Chicago.

A Fishing Trip

Along the Lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the title of a beautifully illustrated pamphlet of thirty-two pages, the contents of which are devoted to practical methods of fish-catching in nearby lakes and streams. One copy will be sent to any address on receipt of two cent postage stamp. GEO. H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, 410 Old Colony Building, Chicago, Ill.

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TREATING INSOMNIA.

ADVICE TO THE VICTIMS OF A DISTRESSING DISEASE.

An Affliction That Is Widespread In This Hustling Country—How to Woo the "Sleep That Knits Up the Raveled Sleeve of Care."

Insomnia is a widespread American disease. It afflicts the best brains of this country—lawyers, teachers and other professionals and especially men of affairs whose minds are overtaxed with a multitude of harassing, incessant business details. It is caused by an undue distension of the arteries supplying the red blood to the brain, resulting in unrelieved pressure on the nerve cells of the gray matter, eventuating in prolonged wakefulness during the night, at a time when they should be allowed to remain quiescent and recuperate the tissue wasted during the active hours of the day. Shakespeare poetically says, "'Tis sleep knits up the raveled sleeve of care." This is also true scientifically and physiologically. It is capable of being expanded into a whole treatise. With the lightninglike glance of genius he saw into the very structure of nerve tissue, the cause of its wear and tear and the remedy.

Dr. Samuel Johnson in his ponderous dictionary defined a "net" to be "an interwoven decussated tissue of meshes." Each cell in the brain has this character. Magnified several hundred diameters it would resemble the network covering a small balloon. In the morning, after a refreshing night's rest, each cell is expanded, alert with life, and has the faint pink glow of health. At evening, after a long day's work over some exhausting mental occupation, this cell is flaccid and collapsed, a portion of its substance gone, and it is unfit for further immediate work.

A night's natural sleep repairs the waste, the life giving blood in gentle, regular pulsations flows by and the proper element is taken out of each globule and incorporated into the structure of the nerve cell, so that on awakening it is again restored, alert and ready to receive and send out messages and do its proper work. Sleep has knit together again the meshes raveled out by care. The action of 1,000,000 of these cells packed together in the brain, like Leyden jars in a battery, is analogous to electricity, but not at all identical with it.

One has sometimes in the country noticed a lone forest lightning struck tree slowly decaying as the seasons roll by in the alternations of rain and frost and wind. First the small twigs become brittle, break off and fall, then larger branches and limbs and finally the many thousand subdivisions are reduced to about three large stumps supported by the blasted trunk with the rotten bark clinging to it. As age creeps slowly on the animal body the small ramifications of blood vessels in the face, for instance, wither and die and then larger vessels, leaving pits called "wrinkles." The same thing happens in the interior of the brain, but this is invisible on the surface. Instead of many fine subdivisions of arteries reaching every part of the structure and thus irrigating it with the red life giving fluid these dry up, are absorbed and larger ones and fewer in number result. Into these the blood has a tendency to pour at night during sleep, on slight provocation resulting in undue distension and engorgement, and consequent wakefulness, thus producing the well known disease "insomnia," which, if prolonged, results in brain wreck and insanity.

Let the sufferer look to the health of his whole body by outdoor exercise, open air and regular diet, amend and correct the general health or use tonic baths at the proper time of the day before retiring or on rising. Taking a slight repast before going to bed so as to draw a surplus of blood from the brain and elevating the head on pillows so as to allow gravitation to assist in draining the blood from the brain are good.

Periodicity is of great assistance. Going to bed at exactly the same hour every night, the firm and strong belief in the fact that you will sleep at that hour, the diversion of the mind just before retiring by some light reading, amusement, work or exercise will help. Refuse, if possible, to discuss or dwell upon mournful, irritating or unfortunate personal topics or afflictions. Should the sufferer suddenly awake in the night before the allotted hours for repose have passed, his best plan is not to lie awake in bed in the dark staring vacantly. The oversensitive mind conjures many gloomy thoughts at this time in the deep, still darkness of the night, when all outside day sounds and noises have ceased their distraction. These cases can be successfully treated at home, and not by drugs. Have a night table handy, light a candle, arise, throw off and air the bed clothes, sit up, with a convenient wrapper around you, in an easy chair, having first thrown open a door or window to completely change the vitiated air of the room. Of course one must have a chamber to himself to do this. All the conditions external being changed will tend to produce a change of those internal of the body-the brain and the nerves. After a suit, able interval one can again close the doors and windows, replace covers and retire to approaching slumber.

This was the method of Benjamin Franklin, who had a large, active brain, filled with multitudinous private and public affairs, during a long and active life, and he found it to succeed. (See his autobiography.) Different remedies will suit different constitutions. The same will not do for all alike. Each person must study his own case, the moral and physical causes, remove these and find out what will best soothe his exhausted nerves and induce peaceful repose.—James M. Loring in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

ON THE STRENGTH OF A FIVE.

A Young Man Who Found It Cheaper to Travel Without Change.

"Washington, from what I have seen of it, is a peculiar place," said the visiting young man to a reporter.

"I'll tell you why I think so," he continued. "The other day I was going over to Baltimore, and on consulting my watch discovered I had but a few minutes in which to catch my train. I struck the avenue at Fourteenth street and boarded a car.

"When the conductor came round for my fare, I put my hand in my pocket and found I had nothing less than a $5 bill. The conductor glanced at it, then at me, and shook his head disapprovingly.

"'I can't change that,' he said.

"I told him it was the smallest I had, but he said then he could not change anything larger than a $2 bill; that they were not required by law to do so. I began to think I would have to get off and walk, when he came to my relief by saying that I could get the bill changed and pay him at the end of the line, near the depot.

"I thought this was very considerate. When we reached the terminus, I told the conductor that I could have the $5 changed and pay him, starting for a place on the corner.

"'That's all right. Go on! Go on!' he told me, waving his hand as if he owned the railroad.

"However, I tried to have the bill broken unsuccessfully. Just then I remembered I wished to communicate something to a friend up town and asked if I could use a pay telephone in a corner of the room.

"'You could use it all right if you had 10 cents in change,' the proprietor told me, 'but you haven't it. Come back here in my office and use my private phone. That's all right,' when I was profuse in my thanks.

"Say, do you know what I think," continued the young man. "I believe I could get a $100 bill and live in the capital for weeks for nothing, simply by getting things and shoving it under the noses of the people I purchased from. They would rather give them to me than take the trouble to break it."

And then he remarked that the only difficulty would be in securing the bill in the first place.—Washington Star.

A GOOD STORY.

The Native Seemed Innocent, but He Was Very Knowing.

I was sitting on a keg of nails in a West Virginia mountain store watching a native dickering with the merchant over a trade of a basket of eggs for a calico dress. After some time a bargain was closed, the native walked out with the dress in a bundle under his arm and I followed him.

"It isn't any business of mine," I said, "but I was watching that trade and was surprised to see you let the eggs go for the dress."

"What fer?" he asked in astonishment, as he mounted his horse.

"How many eggs did you have?"

"Basketful."

"How many dozen?"

"Dunno; can't count."

"That's where you miss the advantages of education. With knowledge you might have got two dresses for those eggs."

"But I didn't want two dresses, mister," he argued.

"Perhaps not, but that was no reason why you should have paid two prices for one. The merchant got the advantage of you because of his education. He knew what he was about."

He looked at me for a minute, as if he felt real sorry for me. Then he grinned and pulled his horse over close to me.

"I reckon," he half whispered, casting furtive glances toward the store, "his eddication ain't so much more'n mine as you think it is. He don't know how many uv them aigs is spiled, an I do." And he rode away before I could argue further.—Boston Herald.

Soldiers' Beds.

The soldier's bed varies notably in the different European armies. According to Dr. Viry, the following are the principal varieties, in which, perhaps, we may see the reflection of national characteristics. In England the bed is hard. The soldier lies on a thin mattress that rests on canvas stretched over a frame. In Spain the soldier has only a straw bed, but he is allowed besides this a pillow, two sheets, two blankets and a covered quilt, sometimes even a cover for the feet. It is almost sybaritic. In Germany and Austria he has a simple straw bed with one or two covers, neither sheet nor mattress. In Russia, until recently, the soldier slept with his clothes on on a camp bed, but now ordinary beds begin to be used—the result of contact with more civilized countries. After this it cannot be doubted that the French soldier's bed is the best of all, with its wooden or iron bedstead, a straw bed, a wool mattress, sheets, a brown woolen coverlet and an extra quilt for cold weather. Thus the bed of the French soldier is the softest of all soldiers' beds, as that of the French peasant is acknowledged also to be the best of all European countries.—British Medical Record.

Rough on the Unmarried.

The North Frisians are very unmerciful to people who don't marry. One of their legends says that after death old maids are doomed to cut stars out of the sun when it has sunk below the horizon, and the ghosts of the old bachelors must blow them up in the east, running, like lamplighters, all night up and down a ladder.

An old ruin has been uncovered on the Moqui reservation in Arizona and nearly 200 pieces of perfect pottery found.

The star gazers of the Mount Hamil ton observatory say that there are 500,000,000 burning suns in the milky way

THE BUCK JUMPER.

THEIR PECULIAR TRAIT IS NATURAL AND NOT ACQUIRED.

The Movements by Which They Dislocate a Would Be Rider—Tricks of the Raiser Who Has a Colt to Sell—Rough Riders of Different Countries.

"How does it feel to ride a buck jumper?"

Many years ago we asked this question of a well known rough rider on first meeting him.

"You'll be surprised when you try," was the reply. "The smash of his hoofs on the ground is what you'll notice principally. It comes like a pistol shot, and it's enough to make your jaws crack. Another thing is that his head goes out of sight altogether, between his fore legs. But the real job is when he goes in for side work and tries to catch his tail like a young dog. Even if you stick to him then, you're lucky if he doesn't work the saddle over his head."

"You don't mean without breaking the girths?" we exclaimed.

"Certainly," he replied. "Ask any man who has broken wild horses whether a bad one can't 'jump out of the saddle.' If you can sit him till the third 'buck,' you are supposed to be able to sit him, but let me say that you don't always get to the third."

As we have sat (and also been thrown) by buck jumpers since then we can indorse unreservedly every word of this authority on the subject. To say one is surprised is a mild term to employ. On our first attempt our chief astonishment was at the infinitesimal time it took to reach the ground after the horse began to "go to work."

Many who know anything of riding in this (so called) horse loving nation of ours will think they have ridden a "buck" often and require no information on the subject. Be assured, however, reader, that it is an exceedingly rare thing. We have known men who have broken horses on colonial cattle stations for 20 years and have never seen a real buck jumper.

A reason for this is the fact, which all do not know, that only horses of certain strains can "buck." A vicious horse may rear and fall back on his rider, or he may roll on the ground and proceed to devour him—and these habits are no doubt unpleasant and not to be recommended (in a child's pony, for instance), but if he hasn's got the right breed he will never "buck."

One of the innumerable popular delusions about horses is that buck jumpers which are exhibited in public, like Buffalo Bill's, for instance, have received careful training in the art. Any one who has broken horses will know that in their wild state they require no instruction whatever in this direction. The whole art of breaking consists in teaching them not to "buck." This is why our colonies supply the buck jumpers of the world. Time there is money, and hands cannot long be spared for breaking. The 2-year-old is driven into the yard (having possibly never seen a man before), roped up, cast, and while he is on the ground a saddle and bridle are worked on to him. A rough rider is put up, he drives the spurs well home, and there you have an inveterate buck jumper for life.

Put yourself in the horse's place, and you will hardly wonder at it. He is by nature morbidly nervous, and man is a thing almost unknown till now. The horrid black object on his back is to him the foul fiend incarnate, and the first step in breaking he supposes to be the final dissolution of the universe.

In Australia it used to be no uncommon thing that a man who had a colt to sell got him broken in two hours before the sale. The whole process cost just 10 shillings.

The rough rider was hoisted up, and the colt went through his repertoire of contortions, being occasionally lashed from behind with a stock whip to insure all traces of vice being thoroughly eradicated. By the time of the sale he was naturally so exhausted that all attempts at "playing up" were (for the time being, of course) out of the question. The mark of the saddle was pointed out as proof positive that he could be ridden, and he changed hands, guaranteed thoroughly quiet and broken to saddle.

Unless he was a first class rider the experience of the buyer on mounting him next day would be both unexpected and exhilarating.

Who are the best riders in the world? The Australians say they are, and they are supported by most competent judges. South Americans claim to be as good, and they are certainly good riders, but not so scientific. They are satisfied if they can stick on and even resort to putting the spurs between the girths for a foothold. Australians would scorn such means. If good riders, they will sit correctly even under the most difficult circumstances.

Can buck jumping be cured? It cannot, or rather we should modify this statement by saying that it can. It cannot because buck jumping isan ingrained vice, the result of fear, and, once learned, is never forgotten. It can, like all other vices, be subdued by steady work and careful handling, but recollect that, once these are left off, it may return. At all events such a "reformed" animal can never be ridden by a lady.—Chambers' Journal.

He Knew Her Name.

The following funny dialogue recently occurred in an English country church when the rector was catechising the children. "What is your name?" he asked a strapping girl of 13, the only daughter of the village boniface. He received no relpy. "What is your name?" said the minister, in a more peremptory way. "Nin o' yer fun, parson. Ye kna ma neame verra weel. Duon't ye say, whon ye're at our house on a neet, 'Bet, bring me a pint o' yell?'" The congregation, in spite of the sacredness of the place, was on a broad grin.

STREET CAR CONDUCTORS.

They Work Harder and Rate Lower Than Their Steam Road Brothers.

You often think it's hard for the passenger conductor of an accommodation train which stops at two or three stations to the mile to tell who has paid his fare and who has not. The conductor of a short run accommodation train especially must be a peculiarly gifted man. He must be at once both cool headed and even tempered, or if not he is a total failure.

But if the requisites of a railroad conductor are such, what are the requirements of the man who runs a common street car? Why, as much as those of the railroad man and several times more. The railroad accommodation conductor on one of the short run trains which leave the big cities has little more work, little more responsibility and requires less real skill than the man who by grace is called "conductor" on a trolley car of one of our cities.

Both men, of course, have thousands of cares. The railroad man has a certain number of stops to make and a certain schedule time allowed for getting over his run of the railroad. The street car conductor has an uncertain number of stops to make, yet he still has his certain scheduled time to make on his run, and he must make it, too, or be able to give an "A No. 1" excuse for failure.

The railroad conductor is always the biggest man on his train. Is ever the street car conductor the biggest, unless every passenger is off and the motorman also? These things make it hard for the patient man, who must be polite and who is expected by the company for which he works and spurred on by a dozen or so sharp eyed "spotters," or "street car detectives," as they call themselves, to feel as lovely as a spring morning, and they make his already nervous work doubly so. The railroad conductor doesn't meet that phase of existence once in a decade, or if so not any oftener.

No one presumes to expect so much from the knight of the ticket punch as he does from the knight of the trolley rope. Every one who travels on street cars expects the conductor to know every cross street on his line and just where it strikes that street, and, indeed, he should know this much, but in addition he is expected to know every one who lives on the streets along which his line runs, every one who lives on all the countless streets which cross the route of his car and then all the immediate streets and their inhabitants the whole length of his line. The street car conductor is expected to be porter as well on his car. He must help people on and off, lift up and lift down huge baskets and bundles, never get tired of all the questions which only the city directory could answer, and then, in addition, keep all of the strict rules of the company for which he works and see to it that all of his passengers do so too. For this work he gets $2 or $2.25 a day, while the railroad conductor, who is a very king in comparison, draws his $5 or $6 per day, or $125 a month, and is not classed as a "social suspect" either.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

New England Meeting Houses.

Cotton Mather said: "I find no just ground in Scripture to apply such a trope as church to a house for public worship. A meeting house is the term that is most commonly used by New England Christians, and every town, for the most part, can say we have a modest and a handsome house for the worship of God, not set off with gaudy, pompous, theatrical fineries, but suited unto the simplicity of Christian worship."

The people were seated in the early days, says Dr. Ezra Hoyt Byington, in his book on "The Puritan In England and New England," on rough benches, men and women on opposite sides. Pews were not provided first. Now and then a special vote was passed by the town authorizing some person to build a pew in the meeting house at his own expense. Squares on the floor, about 6 feet by 6, were deeded to individuals, on which they erected pews to suit themselves. The best seat was sometimes assigned to the man who paid the highest tax in the parish. Sometimes the committee was instructed "to have respect upon them that are 50 years old and upward, others to be seated according their pay." In one instance we have a record that the committee was instructed "to have respect to age, office and estate, so far as it tendeth to make a man respectable, and to everything else that hath the same tendency."

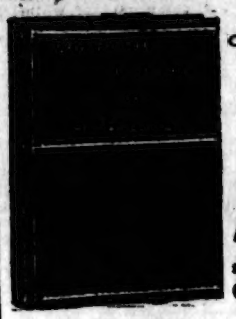
Turks and Meerschaum.

According to the best authorities upon the subject, the idea of using white talc in the manufacture of pipes is of comparatively recent date, compared with the age of the habit of smoking, and what is still more curious is the fact that in the oriental countries which produce white talc, or meerschaum, as it is called, and where the use of tobacco forms part of the education of the faithful, the people never dream of making this substance into pipes. They make bowls and goblets of it, but no pipes. It may be that the long pipestems which allow the smoke to cool and lose its acridity before reaching the mouth leave the oriental smoker quite indifferent in regard to the quality of the bowl. At all events, one never sees a Turk with a meerschaum pipe.—Courrier des Etats Unis.

The Ancient Umbrella.

On coins in the rock carvings of the ancients the umbrella often shows its familiar form. This goes to prove that Jonas Hanway did not invent the umbrella, but he saw the value of the eastern sunshade and soon it became the fashion to carry this useful article. There must be a great difference between the umbrella of the eighteenth century and the modern steel ribbed, silk covered, slender article which it is regarded as a misfortune to get wet.—Irish Times.

War Path and Bivouac;



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NOT THE WAY IT WAS.

Things Had Not Changed at All Since He Was Young.

Three young men were sitting together in the rotunda of one of the big hotels. They were discussing the progress of invention.

"It's strange," said one, "how completely old ways of doing things have been superseded. You may talk about its being hard to introduce inventions, but if a scheme is any good it'll be universally adopted nowadays in no time. Why, you'll find even middle aged men who remember when everything in use was different. There's hardly a thing now that's done the same way or by the same appliances as it was when they were young. Why, my uncle can remember the time when every kind of goods was made by hand, and he isn't very old either. It's laughable to hear him tell how they used to get along. Everything, it seems, was done about the slowest and hardest way on earth. People used to think that they were in the world to work, and it didn't make much difference what they were at. I tell you, boys, you don't appreciate what it is to live in these days."

At this juncture a man with entirely gray hair folded his paper preparatory to departing and looked at the crowd near him. One of them, observing him, ventured to ask what he thought about it.

"Pretty nearly right, I guess," he said.

"Now, I suppose," began another, "you can remember when the horse car was the only known method of metropolitan conveyance, when bicycles were a thing to come, when telephones were an experiment, when they didn't make any ice in July, when most of the steel in buildings was in the door locks, when newspapers printed two sheets and thought them heavy, when fountain pens were an undisturbed dream, when aluminium was a theory and when harvesters were beginning to be talked about."

"No," returned the person addressed. "I'd like to agree with you, but I can't do it. The facts are otherwise. When I was a young man, business men used typewriters. A good many were thinking about putting in a phonograph. People who didn't own any bicycles or feel like paying for a cab usually traveled around town in a cable or electric car. Telephones cost 10 cents a try just as they do now, unless you knew somebody you could sponge on. Airships would go up and come down pretty much as they do now. The Sunday papers were so full of ads. that it took till Monday to find anything to read. Smoke consumers were making Chicago a beautiful place to live in."

The gathering was now looking incredulous. Things seemed to need an explanation. So he concluded: "You see, I got this gray hair trying to make a soda water manufactory pay in Kansas. Then a beard will add a few years. I was 27 last March."—Chicago Times-Herald.

Getting Married.

In "His Quest of the Golden Girl" Richard Le Gallienne, in one of his opening chapters says:

"Undoubtedly the nicest way to get married is on the sly, and indeed it is at present becoming quite fashionable. Many young couples of my soquaintance, who have had no other reason for concealing the fact beyond their own whim, have thus slipped off without saying a word to anybody and returned full blown housekeepers, with at home days of their own and everything else like real married people—for, as the old lady said to me, 'You can never be sure of married people nowadays unless you have been at the wedding.'"

The author then further philosophizes as follows:

"I don't know myself what getting married feels like, but it cannot be much more exciting than watching other people getting married. Indeed, I always get something like palpitation of the heart just before the priest utters the final fateful words, 'I declare you man and wife.' Half a second before you were still free. Half a second after you were bound for the term of your natural life. Half a second before you had only to dash the book from the priest's hands and put your hands over his mouth, and though thus giddily swinging on to the brink of the precipice you are saved. Half a second after 'All the king's horses and all the king's men Cannot make you a bachelor again.

"It is the knife edge moment betwixt time and eternity."

Scott's Narrow Escape.

The world had a narrow escape of never having known a Sir Walter Scott. When a tiny babe, he was left in charge of a maid, but the girl's heart was in Edinburgh, whither she wanted to go to rejoin her lover. She was, however, compelled to stay and look after the infant at Sandy Knowe. The girl regarded her charge as an obstacle to be removed, and afterward confessed that she carried young Scott up to the Craigs (under a strong temptation of the devil, as she expressed it), fully intending to cut his throat with her scissors and bury him under the moss.

The Discovery of Iron.

According to the traditions of the Greeks, the first discovery of iron by the human race was made on Mount Ida, by a tribe called Dactyles. It is said that the forest was set on fire by lightning, and so intense was the heat of the great masses of fallen trees that the bed of iron beneath was melted and trickled in small streams down into the valley.

Iron In Architecture.

The use of iron in architecture is not so new as people are accustomed to think. At Delhi is a forged iron column 60 feet high. It is 16 inches in diameter at the base and 12 inches at the top. Its weight is estimated at about 17 tons. From records extant it is reasonably certain that it was already in existence 900 years B. C.

John Stuart Mill.

Mr. John Stuart Mill has not failed, nor can he fail. To ascertain whether a man is a failure we must ascertain what he aims at. Mr. Mill never thought to startle and dazzle the house by his oratory, as Disraeli did when he first rose to speak. Mr. Mill has no oratorical gifts, and he knows it, nor can he be called a rhetorician. He is a close reasoner and addresses himself directly to our reasoning powers, and, though he has great command of language, as all his hearers know, he never condescends to deck out his arguments in rhetorical finery to catch applause. Mr. Mill did not succeed as an orator, but then he did not attempt oratory. He did not excite a furore of cheering, but then he neither expected nor wished for applause.

Mr. Mill, we should say, cares very little for applause. Rapturous cheering such as that which Mr. Horsman and Mr. Lowe can evoke would, we venture to think, be an offense to Mr. Mill. He would perhaps ask, with the old Roman orator, "What foolish thing have I said that these people applaud?" And indeed we ourselves have after long experience come to think that applause in the house of commons is often uproarious in proportion to the foolishness of the sentiment which calls it forth. Deep attention broken only by significant murmurs is to our mind far more complimentary to a speaker than fierce and uproarious applause. What Mr. Mill intended to do was to reason calmly with his opponents, and this he succeeded in doing.—"The Inner Life of the House of Commons," William White.

In some of the cities of Europe the cost of putting out a fire is made a charge upon the property of the person for whose benefit the fire department is called out.

DIDN'T CARE ABOUT STYLE.

But Nevertheless He Wouldn't Go Down Town Without a Necktie.

"Georgiana," said Mr. Dalrymple, "it seems to me that you spend altogether too much time worrying about what other folks are likely to think about you. Why don't you follow my example and have a little independence? As long as I know that I am doing my duty as a man what do I care how others like my style?"

"I don't know," Mrs. Dalrymple replied, "what you mean. In what way have I been worrying about what other folks think of me?"

"Oh, in a hundred ways," her husband answered. "You wouldn't wear the waist you have on if it were not for the fact that all the other women wear them and would think you couldn't afford it if you didn't have one. You wouldn't care whether you had lace curtains at the windows if other folks didn't have them. You wouldn't spend money for a hundred and one other things that you could get along without just as well as not if you were not always trying to pose before other people."

"Well," Mrs. Dalrymple assented, for she was not disposed to quarrel over the matter, "it is perhaps as you say. I am sorry that it is so, but I can't help it. Aren't you afraid you'll be late at the office this morning? And you haven't put on your necktie this morning. How did you come to forget it?"

"By George!" he exclaimed, looking at his watch, "it's nearly 8 o'clock now. I don't know how I happened to forget my necktie. Where is it? I must hurry."

"Oh, never mind the tie this morning," his wife said. "You've got a clean shirt and collar on. Go without the tie."

"What!" shouted William Dalrymple. "Go down town without a necktie! You must think I'm crazy. Why, the boys in the office would guy the life out of me, and people would think I didn't have money enough to buy one. Here it is. Goodby."

Then Mrs. Dalrymple sat down and thought, and two little wrinkles with merry curves appeared at the corners of her mouth.—Cleveland Leader.

UNUSUAL LEGAL DECISION.

But It Was Emphatically Indorsed by the Spectators.

"I heard the late Judge John R. Grace of the court of appeals of Kentucky set aside the verdict of a jury once under circumstances that to my mind did him infinite credit," said Representative John S. Rhea of that state to a Washington Post representative.

"It seems that a poor woman, who was on the verge of starvation and who was the sole support of four little children, went into a neighbor's smokehouse and purloined a piece of bacon. The proof was positive, and the jury reluctantly returned a verdict of guilty. When the finding of the jury was read, Judge Grace, who at that time presided over the Fourteenth judicial district, rising to his feet, said in the most emphatic tones:

"'The court orders that the verdict in this case be set aside, and I want to declare here that in all cases where an unfortunate woman is on trial for stealing food, taken to keep her offspring from starving, it will require 18 men to convict her of the crime in this court. The defendant is discharged from custody.'

"The announcement was greeted with applause from the spectators, and the general sentiment was that Judge Grace had acted not only as befitted a chivalrous man, but that his ruling was right. Theft to keep innocent babes from perishing of hunger can scarcely be called a crime."

She Wears Her Cross.

The up to date woman wears her cross if she is so fortunate as to possess one. As an article of jewelry this symbol of suffering is as popular as it was in the days of the grandmothers. When the grandmothers were girls, the possession of a handsome bejeweled cross that could be worn as a pin, a hair ornament or a locket amounted almost to a badge of aristocracy. The black ones, studded with diamonds or pearls, or both, were highest in favor, as they are today. The fashionable cross must be antique looking. Not everybody's grandmother possessed one, however, so the jewelers have come to the rescue of the woman who did not fall heir to one and are bringing out exquisite designs in Roman gold. Most of them are studded with precious stones, and many have backgrounds of black enamel. It is by no means a taking form of personal adornment, but the women like it.—New York Sun.

His Last Law Case.

The late William S. Groesbeck of Cincinnati never took another law case after his defense of President Andrew Johnson. "The brilliant speech which won that case," says the Cincinnati Commercial Tribune, "proved the man's remarkable will and intellectual powers. He had been so ill as to be confined to his bed, and on the day of the trial, and while lying in bed, he jotted down on a sheet of foolscap paper the main points of his defense. He was driven to the tribunal in a carriage, unable to walk, and spoke extempore for four hours and a half. At the close article 11 was voted upon and the president acquitted without the taking up of any of the other articles. Since that time Mr. Groesbeck had lived a life of quiet and retirement. In 1872 he built Elmhurst, a noble house of superb proportions, commanding a river view of unsurpassed beauty."

Fenderson remarks that if some people knew how little they know they would know a blamed sight more than they do know.—Boston Transcript.

They that will not be counseled cannot be helped.—Benjamin Franklin.

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Vice-President, M. Galvin.
Recording Secretary, W. T. Ryan, Lyons.
Financial Secretary, T. W. Breen, LaGrange.
Treasurer, Patrick Close.
Meets First Monday each month in Grand Army hall, LaGrange, Ill., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 25.

President, William Mulligan, 723 W. Twenty-second st.
Vice-Poesident, Timothy Dunn.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Heallon, 1105 Blue Island av.
Financial Secretary, James Egan, 111 West Twenty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Joseph O'Brien.
Meets First Tuesday at 8 p. m. and Third Sunday at 3 p. m. in Flanagan's hall, Twenty-second and Robey sts.

DIVISION 26.

President, P. J. Reynolds, 3411 Dearborn st.
Vice-President, Dennis Lynch.
Recording Secretary, Hugh McNally, 345 Bristol st.
Financial Secretary, Patrick O'Neill, 5332 Dearborn st.
Treasurer, Lawrence Reynolds.
Meets 2d Saturday each month in Schell's hall, Fifty-first st. and Wentworth av., 8 p. m.

DIVISION 27

President, John Egane, 1974 Thirty-ninth st.
Vice-President, P. J. Morgan.
Recording Secretary, David Brodrick, 3323 Hart st.
Financial Secretary, Michael Larney, Archer and Western avs.
Treasurer, John Larney.
Meets First Saturday each month in Larney's hall, Archer and Western avs., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 28.

President, F. T. Nichol, 343 Hastings st.
Vice-President, John Flanagan.
Recording Secretary, Ed Quinn, 1437 West Congress st.
Financial Secretary, Martin O'Mara, 145 Lytle st.
Treasurer, William Ryan.
Meets First and Third Wednesday in DeSoto hall, 1392 W. VanBuren st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 29.

President, Patrick Keyes, Kensington.
Vice-President, Daniel Galvin.
Recording Secretary, William Byrne, Box 1339, Pullman, Ill.
Financial Secretary, P. J. Tully, Pullman.
Treasurer, Charles Corkery.
Meets First and Fourth Tuesdays in Holy Rosary church basement at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 30.

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Vice-President, J. O'Keefe.
Recording Secretary, Patrick Kerr, 10508 Torrence av.
Financial Secretary, John Conlin.
Treasurer, C. Duffy.
Meets Third Sunday each month in Link's hall, 10716 Torrence av., at 2 p. m.

DIVISION 31.

President, P. C. Desmond, 641 Park av.
Vice-President, James O'Neill.
Recording Secretary, A. J. Malone, 235 Walnut st.
Financial Secretary, Arthur Maguire, Park and Oakley avs.
Treasurer, Peter Kennedy.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Conway's hall, N. E. corner Lake st. and Western av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 33.

President, William Cunnea, 5630 Drexel av
Pice-President, Patrick Ryan.
Recording Secretary, Thomas Clifford, 6710 Evans av.
Financial Secretary, John Foley.
Treasurer, C. Fitzgerald.
Meets First and Third Tuesdays in Forester's hall, 6512 Cottage Grove av., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 34.

President, Miles McPadden, 236 S. Sangamon st.
Vice-President, John Slattery.
Recording Sec'y, E. J. Rice, 595 Fulton st.
Financial Sec'y, M. J. O'Shea, 401 Washington boulevard.
Treasurer, Michael Moore.
Meets Second Saturday at 8 p.m. and Fourth Sunday at 3 p. m. in Doherty's hall, 446 West Twelfth st.

DIVISION 35.

President, John T. Sheehan, 928 38th st.
Vice-President, M. J. O'Brien.
Recording Secretary, James Gannon, 3656 Emerald av.
Financial Secretary, Patrick Gorman.
Treasurer, Michael Kavanaugh.
Meets First Wednesday in Columbia hall, Thirty-seventh and Halsted sts., at 8 p.m.

DIVISION 36.

President, J. T. Keating, 5610 Jackson av.
Vice-President, John J. Dwyer.
Recording Secretary, Thomas H. Ryan, 6947 Addison av.
Financial Secretary, Michael P. Breen, 328 Fifty-fifth st.
Treasurer, Andrew Ledwidge.
Meets Second and Fourth Fridays in Bagley's hall, 192 Fifty-fifth st., at 8 p. m.

DIVISION 37.

President, John F. Dohney, 6359 Honore st.
Vice-President, James McInerney.
Recording Secretary, John P. Dineen, 6428 Morgan st.
Financial Sec'y, M. H. Hoey, 6546 Union av.
Treasurer, John R. McNamara.
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A Carpet Knight.

The following curious definitions of a carpet knight were recently given in an English examination: "One who received his knighting upon the field of the cloth of gold," "a knight who stood on a carpet and had another thrown over him while being knighted," "the common black beetle, which, when squashed, resembles all the different shades of a brussels carpet," "a knight which sleeps on a carpet," "a man like, for instance, Sir X. & Co., who is one of the best carpet makers, and because he did make them so well he was make a knight."

A shot was said to go off "because the sudden shock in a sort of way frightens the bullet." And it was declared that a dog turns around several times before settling down to sleep "to make sure he is not sitting on any unpleasant object, such as a black beetle, pin," etc.

Value of the Egg in Sickness.

The value of egg albumen as food in certain diseased conditions is pointed out by Dr. C. E. Boynton. When fever is present and appetite is nil, he says, when we want an aseptic article of diet, the white of an egg raw serves both as food and medicine. The way to give it is to drain off the albumen from an opening about half an inch in diameter at the small end of the egg, the yolk remaining inside the shell. Add a little salt to this and direct the patient to swallow it. Repeat every hour or two. In typhoid fever this mode of feeding materially helps us in carrying out an antiseptic plan of treatment. Furthermore, the albumen to a certain extent may antidote the toxines of the disease. Patients may at first rebel at the idea of eating a "raw" egg, but the quickness with which it goes down without the yolk proves it to be less disagreeable than they supposed, and they are very ready to take a second dose.—Pacific Medical Journal.

Plants From Buds.

There are certain varieties of mountain plants which have a singular provision of nature for perpetuating their species. The duration of summer in those elevated regions is too short to permit of the ripening of seeds, and the top buds fall off and take root as would the seeds.

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